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THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If it were only the right person who had been punished—"but there's always a something," and especially in the law—all honest men would hail a late decision in the Queen's Bench, whereby it is laid down that no novelist may steal another's plot. In these days, indeed, most of them have so little plot that it is not worth stealing, or, if stolen, making a fuss about; but it did not use to be so. Trollope was at one time almost alone in not seeing the necessity of having any "story" in his books. Wilkie Collins once said to him, "Your fertility, my dear fellow, amazes me: where do you get—they are not much, but still you have to find them—your plots from?" "Well, my good Sir, to tell you the truth, from *you*. A very little bit of one of your plots—and, you see, you never miss it—does for me." The fact is, a good plot is a difficult thing to get. A very clever acquaintance of mine, a divine, who had distinguished himself in literature, once controverted this. He said he had himself quite a talent for plots, only, being in the theological line, they were of no use to him. "Well," I said, a little irritated, "you are always wanting money for your channel" (I had never heard so, but I knew the cloth, and the shaft went home), "and for every good plot you give me, if it is only in ten lines, I'll give you ten pounds." After a while—not the next day, as he had led me to expect—he sent me a dozen. "I didn't find it quite so easy as I thought," he admitted in his letter; "but here they are." Six were as old as the hills, and the other six not worth a farthing. I have had hundreds of plots—or the hint of them, which is all that is required—given me in the course of my "literary career," but only two good ones; and one I bought. They are very rare and valuable articles.

I see people are being put upon their guard against the old Spanish swindle. A letter is received from a political offender described to be languishing in chains in a Spanish prison. He has buried a large sum of money in England, and the plan of the spot is in his portmanteau, which is in a Spanish hotel. Certain charges have to be paid upon this luggage before it can be obtained, and in the meantime it may be opened any day and the precious secret revealed. If a ten-pound note is sent to redeem the portmanteau, the writer will share the treasure with the sender. This gentleman wrote to me many years ago, and I wrote back to him most civilly: "Much obliged to you for your capital plot, but it is not new." It is merely our national "confidence trick" in a romantic setting.

In nothing do holiday people differ more than in the amount of luggage they carry with them. When actually on the journey it is delightful to have nothing to look after beyond what we take in the carriage, and still more, in out-of-the-way places, where transit is difficult, to have nothing to carry; but, once arrived at the end of a day's march, it is also very pleasant to have a portmanteau full of everything one wants. I have no doubt the best plan is to travel with a fourgon of luggage and a courier to look after it; but there are obstacles to that course. The other end of the scale (and the heaviest) is to take a knapsack and carry it yourself, perhaps for three hours; after that it raises a blister between the shoulders, and you hire a porter, for two shillings a day and his meals, who could just as easily have carried three portmanteaus. People talk of the ticket system for luggage, which ensures safety for the article, but also plenty of time for the officials in charge of it to select its most valuable contents. Of all the modern luggage systems, that of the Sultan, as the song says, "better pleases me." He takes with him, I read, on his summer holidays every possible guarantee for personal security and domestic happiness: "a battalion of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, four guns, and three hundred wives."

The latest fashionable craze in the United States, a New York paper informs us, is the Surprise Picnic. The party assemble at three a.m., and, after a cup of hot soup, climb some neighbouring peak to see the sunrise. This is bringing the picnic to its highest peak of inconvenience. Its proceedings were uncomfortable enough before: no table to dine at, no chairs to sit upon, earwigs in the wine-glasses, and the salt and the corkscrew left behind; but to get up in the dark for it "takes the cake" for discomfort. As for the sunrise, "Don't you think [as the tourist said to the guide who woke him at three a.m., in *Punch* thirty years ago] that the sunset is almost as beautiful?" Even at present for one "engagement" that comes of a picnic (which is its *raison d'être*) there are at least nine rheumatisms; how many there will be under the new system is incalculable.

We are wont to speak of slight disorders as "flea-bites" (which are by no means to be confounded with flebitis), but it now appears from the *Lancet* that fly-bites, at least, may be very serious. It is not the gadfly we are warned against, but the hitherto-supposed-to-be-harmless (and "necessary") household fly. It is the old story of living germs again, "in the inoculation of which this little creature, notwithstanding the weakness of its mandible, takes its share." Another terror is thus added to our daily life. The true origin of the proverb "He would not hurt a

fly" is now made apparent; such is the mildness of his disposition, it means, that he would not even destroy that enemy of the human race—the fly. I possess a little dog, against whom two reproaches have long been hurled: first, that he is not a sporting dog; and secondly, that he is useless. It is quite true that his notions of sport are restricted; he will not tackle a rat, and has some apprehension about tackling a mouse, unless it is in a very feeble condition. But to see Rip in pursuit of a bluebottle fly is to witness a chase of the most enlivening description, and half of it up in the air. I confess that I often join with him on wet days in this harmless recreation (for he never, by any accident, catches the bluebottle). When left alone, however, he will pursue the common house-fly with great success, especially when it is on the window-pane. Hitherto, I have frowned on this recreation, as being cruel and even barbarous, for he not only kills but devours these small deer; but I now perceive that he is actuated by benevolence towards the human race.

The "Irish Literary Society" are going to encourage the literary persons of their native land by publishing, at their own expense, the works of deceased native authors. This is as it should be—from an Irish point of view. It is a satisfaction also to learn that they attribute the falling off in the production of their national literature to the effects of the Famine. It has long been erroneously supposed that it is the sting of hunger which causes people to write books, and that if folks were only tolerably prosperous there would be no such thing as an author. It is pleasant to find that a theory so derogatory to the promptings of genius has thus been knocked on the head.

What is not encouraging for the future, if manifestations from the Spirit World are to be believed, is that deceased persons are all so uncommonly stupid. If they are not more so than when they were alive, they must have been far below the average as regards conversation. They say the dullest things imaginable, clothed in the most commonplace style. If their words are spelt out, they are almost invariably spelt wrong; and if they give their "views" upon any subject, they turn out, if valuable, to have been expressed before. Of course it is better to be good than clever; but it is a pity that these persons in the realms of bliss do not mix their excellence (as the Yorkshireman mixed his honesty with the other thing) with just a little intelligence. The same thing seems, unhappily, to take place—if we are to believe the latest "Proceedings of the Psychical Society"—with the examples of "decedents" and of telepathic communicants from beyond the grave. They "appear," indeed, but to no sort of purpose, except, possibly, to frighten people. A page comes back to a country house, two hours after death, with a green apron on, perhaps with a view of cleaning plate; but he does not say so, and therefore remains unutilised. A young woman performs a sort of charade with a general officer on the lawn for the edification of somebody who has never seen and does not take the faintest interest in either of them. Another dead gentleman comes to the Westminster Town-hall while the "Antigone" is being acted, but goes out without seeing the performance, or apparently having the least business there. Living people, unless they have been educated at Earlswood, never act in this purposeless fashion; but we find the greatest names in literature doing these posthumous things. Perhaps it was with a prophetic eye to Spiritualism that the preacher told us "a living dog is better than a dead lion."

"If anything goes wrong with my affairs, it is not my fault: it is the malice of Fate. I provide against risks so far as human foresight can do it." Thus wrote a careful man of wide reputation, but who never pretended to be a philosopher; and yet he got into trouble. One sometimes thinks that it is really no use to take precautions. A married couple who appeared at the South-Western Police Court can have come to no other conclusion. The lady had signed the following document before marriage, drawn up, she said, at a solicitor's office, who seems to have been a phonetic solicitor: "After our married during our lifetime I will never take deed of separation, nor never put you any kind of blame, or never leave you, and I solemnly promise to look after you, and give you nice dinners, and everything you require, with my love and true faith. We will always live in one place, and live together, and enjoy ourselves. If I broke this promise after married I shall not get anything or money from him" (her husband). And yet after eight months of "married" the lady wants a separation and an allowance!

In a very dull essay, by a very great wit, upon wit itself, he ascribes its chief attribute to unexpectedness. There is nothing attractive in the work in question, master of the subject though the writer was; the same disappointment would, doubtless, be the result if a literary person with an equally high reputation should favour us with a grammar. Wit is no more a subject to be handled philosophically than beauty. It is an affair of perception. One does not even think much of this high opinion of unexpectedness. What wit, however, there was—for there was very little of it—in the last election was certainly due to this cause. It was naturally less apparent in the candidate than in the crowd that listened to him, because the

former knew what he was going to say, and the latter did not. They did not even know what they were going to say themselves till the opportunity occurred, when they sometimes took advantage of it to his great confusion. It should be a lesson to all who go electioneering—the patrons of the "Magpie and Stump"—not to give their opponents a chance of this kind, not to ask a question and then "pause for a reply," and, above all, not to express themselves too modestly—even after victory—about their merits. One of the best and most deserving of them did this. He said, doubtless with his hand upon an honest heart, "What have I done that I should have received this honour at your hands?" And one of the crowd answered, "Nothing"; which would have disconcerted most persons exceedingly. When the counties were changing the minority of the Opposition into a majority, a Gladstonian candidate put this triumphant question to a mixed audience: "Who is damming 'the flowing tide' now?" "I am," replied one of his auditors, and both tone and manner proved his sincerity; "I'm a-doing it as hard as I can." A too zealous partisan even found matter for praise in the initials of his candidate. "What does H stand for?—why, Honest; what does O stand for?—why, Openhanded; what does B stand for?" and he would doubtless have supplied the hiatus with some admirable attribute had not one of the crowd been beforehand with him with "Bottom-of-the-poll." The best of all these rejoinders, however, it is fair to say, was made from the platform itself. The candidate was a Home Ruler, and, after the usual eloquent peroration, called out for "three cheers for Ireland." Someone in the audience was so carried away by his antagonistic sentiments as to retort by proposing "three cheers" for a locality never mentioned to ears polite, and for which hitherto not even the widest charity has had a good word to say. "Quite right," said the candidate, "let every man cheer for his own country." One cannot but admire "unexpectedness" of this kind, and one regrets that the gentleman who made the repartee was not elected.

The royal family is not without its uses to advertisers in our own country, but it is doubtful whether any advantage has been taken of it similar to the following. It comes from Pittsburg, Pa., and is accompanied by an illustration of the next President of the United States in his bath, with his back to the spectator, either from motives of delicacy or because his identity has not yet been established: "The next President will bathe in a standard porcelain bath. The choice in price is so great that all can be suited." The latter sentence is no doubt inserted to meet the case of a Labour candidate, who may need a good deal of washing.

The conclusions arrived at by Dr. Leffingwell in his "Two Studies in Biography" are interesting and rather surprising. "Illegitimacy," it seems, "manifests itself least where destitution and want have their strongest hold"; nor is the absence of religion (so called) a cause, since Scotland, Calvinist and Sabbatarian though it be, is in this respect the chief of sinners. What seems to be the best established fact of all is that "illegitimacy is least among the population of cities and most in rural communities." The moral comparison between Arcadia and Burlington Arcadia is largely in favour of the latter.

What is no less astonishing, Dr. Leffingwell tells us that, though the seasons have their influence upon crime of all sorts, the depth of winter is by no means, morally, the worst season. It is not in November, as we used to imagine, that suicides, for example, are most numerous. They rise to their higher evil eminence in the spring—

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love,

and also, it would seem, to suicide, murder, and homicidal insanity. This is uniform, year after year. After July these violent delights subside, and folks cease to be extraordinarily wicked.

A humorous divine once said to me: "People say that one's preaching is always better than one's practice; but Heaven help me if my practice isn't better than my preaching!" But his case (independently of its unusual modesty) was an exceptional one. As a matter of fact, anybody can preach, and upon nothing so easily as upon sanitary matters. An excellent fellow stood over me in the club smoking-room the other day, and said, "You are killing yourself; no constitution can stand tobacco. I have found it out myself by bitter experience. Almost everything you suffer from is more or less connected with this baneful habit." "Being preached at about it, for one thing," I replied (for even a worm will turn); "well, I will admit that much." "Now, don't treat my advice with levity," he pleaded, almost with tears in his eyes. "You are a valuable member of society" (there I was with him); "you have no right to destroy yourself as you are doing. You know I have been a slave to the pernicious weed myself; but now that I have given it up for good and all I feel quite another man." "And how long have you given it up?" The preacher hesitated; his zeal seemed to me to smack of the recent convert. "Come," I said, "be honest: how long?" "Well, it has nothing to do with the general question," he replied, "but I must confess that, as regards personal abstinence, this is my first day."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Is it not a mistake consistently to undervalue the intellectual quality of an audience? It is continually assumed, on what I cannot but think is utterly insufficient evidence, that the present stagnation in dramatic affairs is due to the vulgarity and bad taste of modern audiences. Now, I hold an absolutely contrary view. I believe that the public who once so liberally supported the theatre are turning their backs upon it with indignation because they refuse to pay fancy prices for what they consider to be mere rubbish. Give the people something good to see, and they will not be slow to take an opportunity of an early visit. Where, may I ask, are those wonderful plays so full of intellect and culture that are ignored by this degraded, brutish public? I fail to find them. Where is this wonderful acting that is to take the town by storm? I own that I very seldom come across it. Honestly, I am not surprised that people are flocking to the variety theatres instead of to the legitimate playhouses. In the first place, the prices are cheaper; in the next, the people get more for their money; in the third place, the art generally runs higher. Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones; and when I find actors and actresses crying out about the degradation of public taste, in that it encourages variety shows and such like entertainments, I feel inclined to say, What on earth do you give them that is better worth seeing? Managers like Henry Irving, John Hare, Beerbohm Tree, and George Alexander have no cause to complain of the ingratitude of the fickle public. They know a good thing when they find it. But of one thing I am quite certain, and that is that no theatre or management has gone under this year that has given an entertainment in any way worthy of the cost of it. I cannot help thinking that the boot is on the other leg. The public has become so discriminating that it will not accept dross for gold. It refuses to be cajoled any longer. It has made up its mind to take art and artists at the public's valuation—not their own. This is where the shoe pinches.

The Adelphi Theatre is one of the places that is continually "girded at" for the implied bad taste of its patrons and their systematic encouragement of bad art. For the life of me, I cannot see it. It never strikes these haphazard objectors that the plays or the players are at fault. That is a point very seldom considered. It is tacitly assumed that the Adelphi audience will have nothing to do with romantic or historical drama, and that there they show their ingrained bad taste. But suppose the Adelphi audience turns round and says: "My dear Sirs, we are not indisposed towards far better work, if, indeed, it is better work, and if the romantic or historical drama is properly played. What we do not want is old-fashioned domestic drama posing as historical drama and played by a company trained up on domestic drama of an old-fashioned Adelphi type. This substitute that you give us is neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring. It is not ambitious enough in literature to be seriously considered as a new departure, and it is certainly not so brilliantly acted that we can afford to spend our money over it."

I wish some manager would have the pluck to test this question. I believe that if the Messrs. Gatti, when they had a few weeks to spare, could manage to put up, say, a play by Shakspeare at cheap prices, and if they could secure the services of actors and actresses capable of speaking Shakspeare in an intelligible fashion, that the daring move would not be unremunerative. But the public won't have Shakspeare or any form of the poetic drama till we can train our actors and actresses to speak and to understand poetry. They refuse to learn, and consequently the public refuses to listen. Do you suppose that if an actress like Adelaide Neilson, for instance, were to arise up among us that the people would not flock to see her Juliet or her Rosalind or her Viola? They would be only too glad of the opportunity. Outside dramatic circles the cry is, "Where can we find something really good to see?" They did not turn their backs on Sarah Bernhardt the other day. They have never, in all my experience, turned their backs in this country upon first-class art. The roughest audiences in America and Australia accept Shakspeare with gratitude and devotion. They are the best audiences for the serious artist. Try an Adelphi audience with an artist, and they won't grumble, believe me. They did not disdain a Bateman, or a Jefferson, or a Neilson, or an Emmett in the old days, and they are not likely to do so now.

Which were the scenes that went best in the new Adelphi drama called "The Lights of Home," written by Sims and Buchanan? Why, the very scenes that were best written, most human, and best acted. Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. W. A. Elliott were at their best in the scene of Tress's confession of her shame. That was the kernel of the play, and the audience soon munched it. Give them more work like this, and they will not disdain it.

But no! It is assumed that they want nothing but rant and rantipole and sensation! Come, let us be honest! Was the Adelphi audience that is supposed to be clamouring for sensation really impressed by the shipwreck? Not a bit of it. They good-naturedly laughed at it. It was all well intended, but as a bit of realism it was only a little less funny than the atrocious whirlpool at the Princess's. It seemed to me that the only possible way to make such a scene impressive was to preserve solemnity and silence. The orders should have been given in a hush of silence and answered with dogged duty. Instead of that the air was rent with shrieks, groans, and cat-calls. It was like Babel broke loose. The word of command was lost in the hideous din. No one knew who was killed or saved. These shipwreck scenes on the stage, unnatural at the outset, are made absurd by the babel and the bellowing. When men rush across the stage with ropes and life-belts and howl, I know from experience that the scene, however expensive, is doomed. An audience detests nothing so much as a yelling crowd on the stage. It irritates; it does not impress. I wish some stage manager would conduct a shipwreck scene on exactly the opposite plan. I wish he would rehearse it silently and solemnly. There should be one or two voices heard at the most—voices stern and sad. If you want to make a shipwreck impressive, gag your supers, and don't let them scream on pain of dismissal. On this occasion all we wanted to hear were the voices of Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Mr. Howard Russell, the man at the wheel, and the look-out man. That was all. If the hatches had been battened down and the women hidden away until the boats were lowered, all would have been well. We want to see order and discipline, not confusion.

Then the waves! Well, but they are impossible. The only effective waves I ever saw on the stage were in a scene years ago at the Princess's, when "Acis and Galatea," with Handel's music, was revived. But these were waves breaking upon a beach, not in a storm, but in the quiet moonlight. The effect was done with glass, and it was thoroughly effective. The waves agitated by demon supers are as unlike the sea as anything well can be. They may make the uneducated weep, but they make the judicious grieve. Still, for all that, the new drama is pretty, pathetic, and effective, and it is likely to have a long and successful run. Two improvements may be made to-morrow—to strengthen the comic interest and to play the shipwreck scene silently.

Those who love good violoncello playing should go to the Prince of Wales's Theatre to see Auguste van Biene in "A Broken Melody." The play is not equal to the playing, but an artist is always an artist, and in this case the musician acts just as well as many of his companions. Whether such an entertainment should not be given at cheaper prices is quite another question. That is the manager's business, not mine. But apart from the maestro the show is not first class.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE LORD SHERBROOKE.

When a public man, statesman, clergyman, or famous author, whose chief life-work, done before the younger generation were born, was the manifest outcome of a strongly characteristic personality, confers on that ordinary commonplace patrician assembly the House of Lords a flash of fresh



Photo by John Fergus, Larga.

THE LATE LORD SHERBROOKE.

intellectual lustre by accepting a new title of peerage, is it not a pity that he should not, like Tennyson—and conceivably, as some would have it, like Gladstone after a little while—assume his lordship, well earned in the esteem of many of his countrymen, but still keeping his unforgetten name? What on earth is "Sherbrooke," or where is it? Well, it is a house at Warrington, near Caterham, where one of the cleverest, shrewdest, most variously and scholarly accomplished English minds of his age, a politician with a passion for truth and a scorn of shameful trickery, a Liberal after the stern old school of what was once held to be Liberalism, the cause of "civil and religious freedom," and of legislative improvement, to which the extension of the electoral franchise was to be merely an instrument—in one name, the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, died on July 27. That man for twelve years past has been called "Lord Sherbrooke."

Those who often saw and heard him in the House of Commons, from 1852 to 1880, will never forget that singular figure, that keen, bright, earnest, shining face, with the almost unnatural thin white hair, covering a head that enclosed brains ever fermenting to strong wine of wit and logical reasoning; the peering red eyes, that pored at nine inches distance over a scrap of paper; the careless shambling attitude and gesture as of a man only thinking aloud in a crowd whose presence he never feared, and whom, in the ardour of self-utterance, he cared too little to conciliate or persuade. Such did "Bob Lowe," as he was always called by Oxford fellow-students of his time, appear to us when "Pam" was Premier; in his personality, with the affliction, so hindering to a Parliamentary orator, of comparative blindness, and in his mental turn for logical precision of argument, he somewhat resembled Henry Fawcett; his manly consistency, a purely moral quality, was equal to that of Mr. W. E. Forster. He had long outlived the severe criticism which his career in the House of Commons, his eccentric Match Tax, and his supposed parsimony once evoked, and his declining years were happily free from the slightest breath of political enmity. With him we see pass from among us one who was alike a brilliant orator and a splendid scholar.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

Our Sketches of ordinary scenes and incidents of daily life among the officers and crew of one of her Majesty's men-of-war on service at sea do not require further explanation. Their interest, at no time alien to the affections of English landsfolk, who would disgrace their nation if they failed in love for sailors, is, perhaps, the more lively at this period of the summer Naval Manœuvres. The organisation and plan of those instructive operations were described last week. There is an enemy's squadron, the Blue one, commanded by Rear-Admiral St. John, in the Irish Sea, molesting the shores of Great Britain. The Red fleet, under Vice-Admiral Fairfax, in two separate divisions, one commanded by Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, with a covering squadron under Captain Churchill, acts on a wide scale to repel the hostile attack. The shores of Ireland must be watched all round, and for this purpose, on Monday, Aug. 1, the leading squadron of the Red fleet, having left Blacksod Bay on the Mayo coast, proceeded northward; of its action we shall learn something more. The Blue squadron was at Kingstown, Dublin Bay, and a detachment from it was in Belfast Lough. The problem is: Could the enemy, being in the Irish Sea, prevent two British squadrons—one from the south, the other from the north—forming a junction there?

MOUNT ETNA IN ERUPTION.

The last days of the month of July brought symptoms of rather increased apparent activity in the volcanic craters recently opened on the sides of Mount Etna, but on Aug. 1 these alarming signs greatly abated; there was no further discharge of stones or of molten lava, and the smoke, which had again become white, was considerably less in volume. It is now hoped that Nicolosi and the neighbouring villages may be spared the destruction with which they have been threatened during many days by the slow approach of the lava streams, as these would soon be cooled and fixed. Our Illustrations of three successive views of the eruption, from July 10 to July 12, are supplied by photographs which were taken by the firm of Ledru, Mauro, and Co., of Messina, and were sent to us by Mr. George E. Oates from that city. The eruption began on the night of July 8, with an outburst of flame at the central crater, and the ejection of quantities of fine sand and cinders; next morning a local earthquake was felt, after which the main crater became quiet, but on the southern slope, near Monte Nero, volumes of steam and smoke issued from other vents newly formed. Then, after some hours, a stream of lava, moving at a rate from fifty to ninety yards an hour, according to the declivity, came down the mountain side. It traversed some miles of the country, day by day advancing, over cultivated fields, orchards, and vineyards, which are irreparably devastated. The inhabitants of Nicolosi, Borello, and Belpasso prepared to abandon their dwellings, and many families have suffered great distress. Three separate continuous lava streams were poured forth out of different craters, while two other craters were in violent intermittent action.

THE SHELLEY CENTENARY.

BY DR. GARNETT.

The selection of the centenary anniversary as that on which the memory of a great man or a great event should be recalled to remembrance is, of course, mainly a dictate of convenience, yet is not without a root in the fitness of things. For the practical coincidence of the termination of the century with the maturity of the third generation indicates that the quality of the man or the action has been assayed by three successive tribunals, that the judgment of the fathers has been judged by the sons, and that the verdict of the sons has been revised by the grandsons. The person or thing that has thus sustained the scrutiny of three ages will probably bear that of three times three; and, at all events, we may be excused for declining to consider its permanence as any longer an open question. As regards the great poet whose anniversary is celebrated this week, there is no room for variety of opinion. Assaults upon his character as man and author have frequently been made of late, and will continue to be made; but they each and all start from the postulate of his genius. Without this admission the assailant could not get a hearing, for he would be held to have shown himself ignorant of the very nature of poetry. Not that Shelley's public is as universal as Shakspeare's, or that his mind is as thoroughly incorporated with the national mind as Milton's or Pope's. Even among his sincerest admirers his longer poems are far too little read, for no other reason than that they are long. No one, nevertheless, who knows so much as one of his lyrics has any doubt of the quality of his genius, or is in the least surprised at hearing of a public celebration of his centenary anniversary.

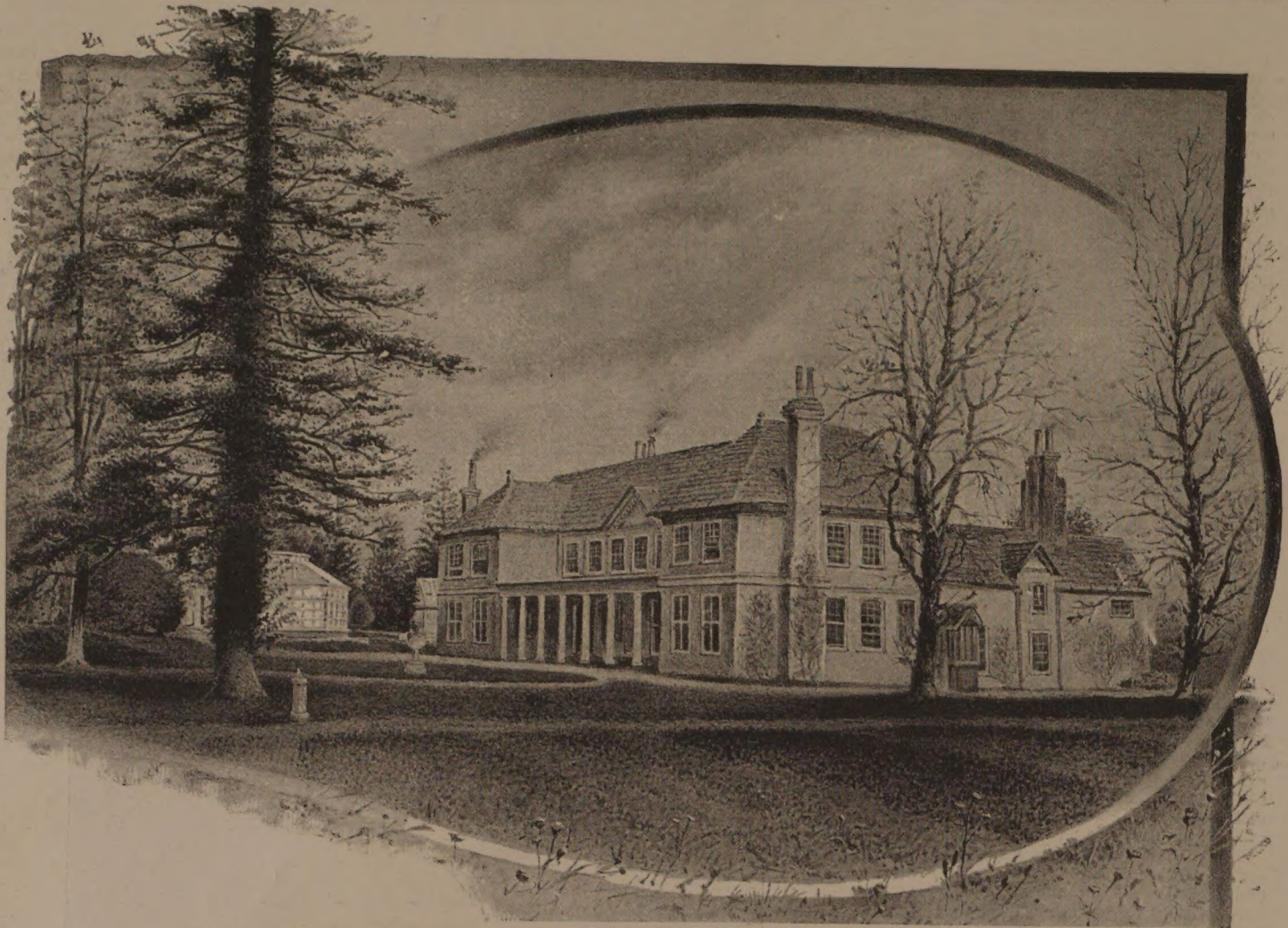
The question whether Shelley's fame is destined to go on growing, and whether it will ultimately overshadow that of his great contemporaries, is a different and a very interesting one. To affirm this merely on the ground of his having been the best poet of his time would be to advance a proposition which we may and do think true, but which is nevertheless incapable of demonstration. But it does seem to us demonstrable that Shelley possesses a peculiar advantage over his rivals, which must ultimately turn the scale in his favour. There is no finality in him. Scott did a very great thing; he rehabilitated the Middle Ages. But when this was done, when people were building Gothic and reading Chaucer, when they had, as Carlyle expresses it, learned from Scott "that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men," then Scott's work was done too. He is and ever will continue to be read with infinite pleasure, but he is no longer a thunderbolt in the armoury of Jove. Wordsworth did a greater work still; he unbound and resuscitated English poetry. All succeeding poets derive in a measure from him, and no small portion of their fame is rightfully his; but his work also is done, and should the English Muse fall into another swoon, she will call in another physician. In our own day, a great poet has so thoroughly reproduced the spirit of the Victorian period that it will live for ever in his verse, and it may truly be said of him that, although for an age, he is for all time also. But Lord Tennyson's verse, apart from its artistic perfection, is mainly interesting for this perfect reproduction of its immediate intellectual environment,

it neither embalms the Past nor pre-figures the Future. The true key to the sympathies of posterity is held by him who is ever ahead of it, and this will continue to be Shelley's case for an indefinite period. He is emphatically the poet of the To-come: his gorgeous visions of futurity are, in a sense, unreal, as incapable of present attainment; yet not unreal in the sense that a dragon or an El Dorado is unreal, but merely unattainable as a sunset cloud, which man could reach with ease had he but wings. So long as this continues to be the case, Shelley's genius will remain a perceptible force in the affairs of the world.

The Illustrations which form our pictorial contribution to this festival of proud sorrow and chastened gladness correspond to three periods of Shelley's life—his infancy, his period of epical endeavour, and his swan-songs in his last and best-loved home. Field Place, his birthplace, still contains the room of his birth, distinguished by a memorial brass placed there by Sir Percy Shelley, inscribed with a quatrain from the pen of the present writer—

Shrine of the dawning speech and thought
Of Shelley, sacred be
To all who bow where Time has brought
Gifts to Eternity.

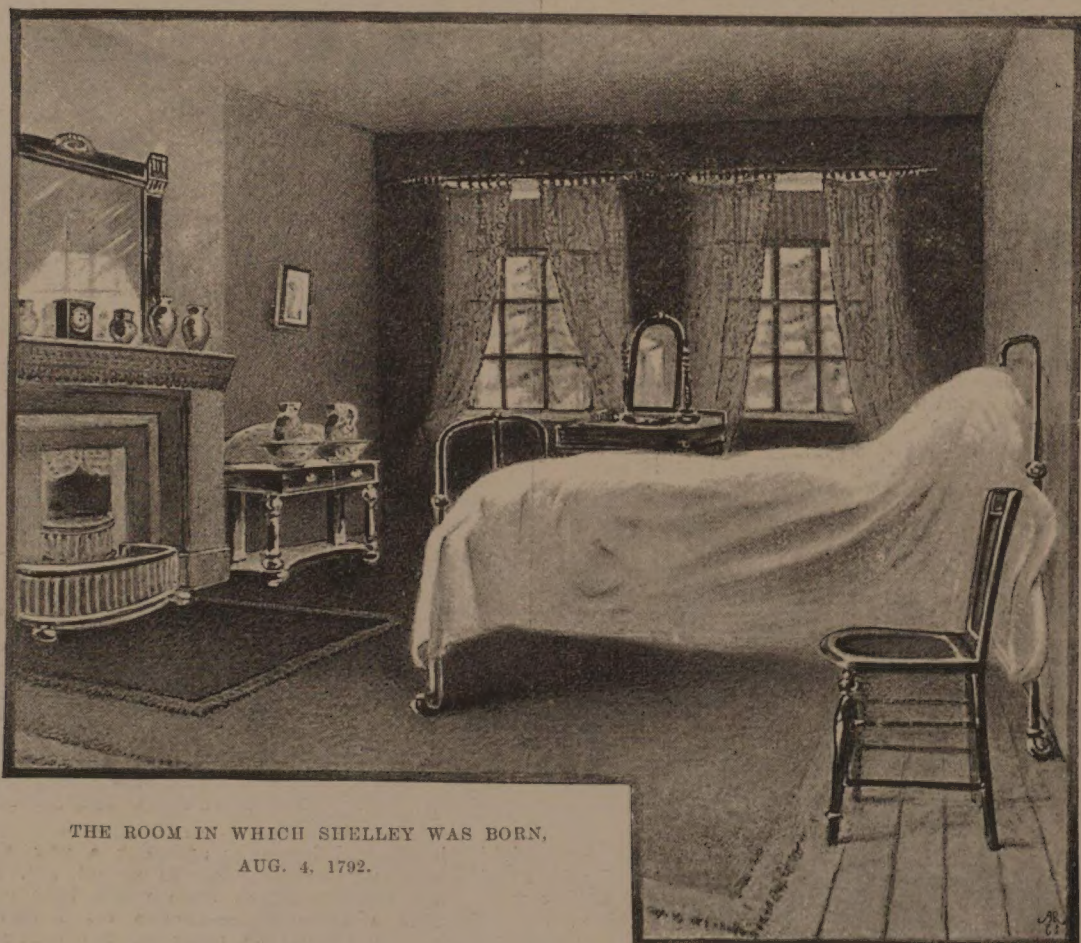
Both house and chamber are represented here, as also the parish church. The next Engraving, representing Shelley's house at Great Marlow in its present or very recent condition, corresponds with his middle period as a poet, when he steadily addressed himself to the composition of works of ambitious design and extensive compass, with the



FIELD PLACE, WARMHAM, SUSSEX, THE FAMILY SEAT OF SIR TIMOTHY SHELLEY.



SHELLEY'S HOUSE AT MARLOW, 1817-18.

THE ROOM IN WHICH SHELLEY WAS BORN,
AUG. 4, 1792.

THE VILIA MAGNI, LERICI, NEAR SPEZIA, SHELLEY'S LAST RESIDENCE.

distinct purpose of transforming society. "The Revolt of Islam" was entirely written at Marlow, either on a high seat in Bisham Wood overlooking the river—

Where the woods to frame a bower
With interlaced branches mix and meet,

or floating in his canoe—

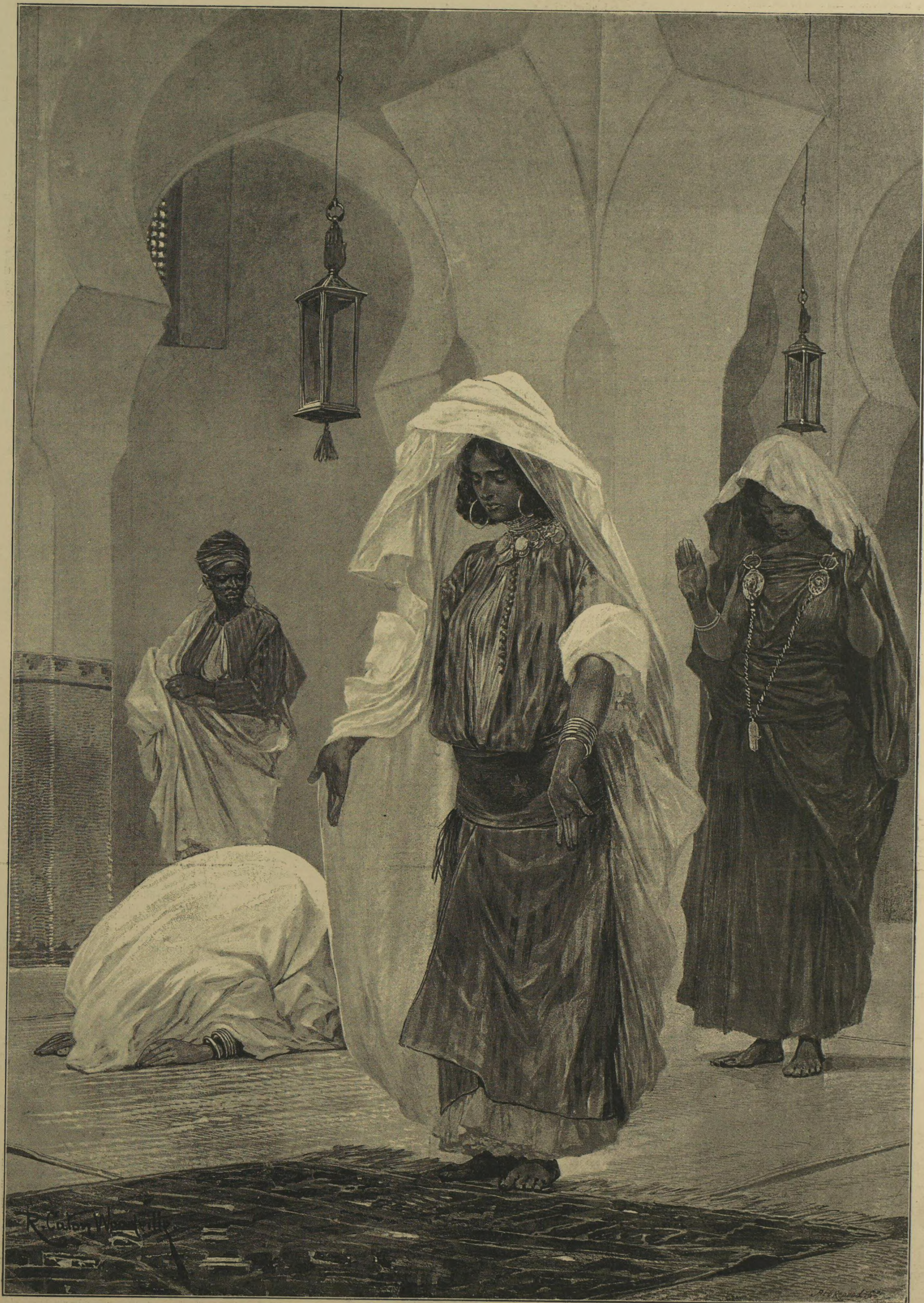
Where, with sound like many voices
sweet,
Waterfalls leap among wild islands
green,
Which framed for my lone boat a lone
retreat
Of moss-grown trees and weeds.

The final Illustration, from Lerici, represents the house to which Shelley betook himself when, discouraged by the world's neglect of "The Revolt of Islam" and "Prometheus," he had temporarily intermitted all poetical composition but the lyrics by which he will always be most widely known, and by which he surpasses all lyrical contemporaries as far as the nightin-

gale surpasses all birds of song. The landscape harmonises well with the literary characteristics of his last period. It is wild and lonely, but suffused with a classic grace not inaptly symbolising the beauty of form which Shelley had learned from his assiduous study of Greek literature, and which had at length conducted his trained and disciplined genius to the summit of excellence.



WARNHAM CHURCH, SUSSEX.



WOMEN'S DAY IN THE MOSQUE IN MOROCCO.

PERSONAL.

The new President of the British Association, Sir Archibald Geikie, was born in Edinburgh in 1835, and educated at the



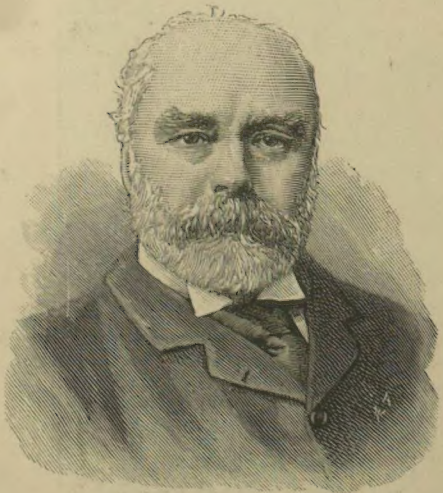
SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

High School and University of his native city. He was appointed to the Geological Survey in 1855, and Director-General in 1881. It is, however, as a brilliant scientist who is also a man of letters—a position which he shares with Professors Huxley and Tyndall—that he may claim his highest distinction. His "Text-Book of Geology," unlike most text-books, is intelligible from beginning to end, even for the unscientific and untrained student; and the volume of essays which succeeded it has also a distinctive place in the literature of the science. A like commendation may also be given to the smaller text-books which have been published from time to time by Messrs. Macmillan. Mr. James Geikie, the brother of Sir Archibald, is also the author of a noteworthy work on "The Great Ice Age."

The marriage of two persons immediately connected with the highest orders of the Peerage—for Dukes and Marquises rank above the old English dignity of Earls, and they are not so abundant in this country as in France, Italy, and Spain—is an important event in aristocratic society. Moreover, there is somewhat also, not directly of political interest, but of agreeable family associations, the influence of which may temper the asperity of party rivalry, in a matrimonial link between the near kindred of eminent statesmen like the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Lansdowne. On Saturday, July 30, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, the wedding of Mr. Victor Cavendish, the newly re-elected Unionist M.P. for West Derbyshire, to Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, eldest daughter of Lord Lansdowne, the Viceroy of India, was performed by the Bishop of London in the presence of many persons of rank; the bride was "given away" by her brother, the Earl of Kerry; and the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn lent their house for the reception of company on this happy occasion. Mr. Victor Cavendish, who was born in 1868, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, is eldest son of the lamented Lord Edward Cavendish and heir presumptive to his uncle, the Duke of Devonshire.

Considerable interest was excited a few weeks ago by the announcement that Earl Spencer was about to sell the Althorp Library, that remarkable literary treasure-house which plays so large a part in all records of bibliography and bibliography. It is now stated that the collection has been sold *en bloc*, and that the purchaser, an English gentleman, intends to place the books, together with the collection which he already possesses, in a suitable building, to which the public will have access. There are, it is well known, many of Grolier's books in the Althorp Library, and the new owner evidently intends to live up to the Grolier motto, "For self and friends"—as, indeed, all books should be.

In gathering, upon a late occasion—that of the Jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the *Illustrated London News*—personal reminiscences of so many old members of its staff, contributors either to the artistic or to the literary work that it has required, and managers of its rather complex business, we could not but feel a sentiment of private regret for the loss of friends whom constant association, as well as experience of their merits, had rendered objects of special regard. The death of another, Mr. Felix Augustine Clapham, manager of the publishing department at 198, Strand, is now to be recorded, having taken place on Aug. 1 at his chambers in Arundel Street, after a short illness, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was the son of a medical practitioner at Thorney, Cambridgeshire, and had been connected with this part of the business of our Journal during



THE LATE MR. F. A. CLAPHAM.

more than forty years. He died unmarried, but was visited by nephews and nieces, who came to London before the termination of his illness. Mr. Clapham was a man of cultivated mind, with a taste for literary and historical studies, and usually spent his holidays in visiting foreign cities, especially in the north of Europe. At Heligoland he was a well-known visitor; also at Copenhagen and at Stockholm. His remains were, by his own desire, consigned to the Crematorium at Woking.

Mr. Passmore Edwards has given a convalescent home to his native county, Cornwall, and on Aug. 1 it was formally opened by Mrs. Edwards. It is located at Perranporth, about nine miles from Truro, on the north coast. Mr. Edwards has given three thousand pounds towards its endowment, and handed it over to the governor of the Royal Cornwall Infirmary, Truro.

The Dukes of Devonshire and Abercorn, on whom the Queen has bestowed the two vacant Garters (vacant by the deaths of the late Dukes of Devonshire and Cleveland), are both representatives of ancient families, who have helped for many generations to make the history of England and Scotland respectively. As early as the fourteenth century the Cavendishes were people of importance in Suffolk, and it was Sir John Cavendish, Esquire of the Body to Richard II., who was said to have slain Wat Tyler, "for which service he was knighted and made a grant of £40 per annum." It was not, however, till two centuries later that the family of Cavendish acquired fortune and greatness in the person of Sir William Cavendish, Gentleman-Usher to Cardinal Wolsey, who obtained considerable grants of land at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and who married the celebrated Elizabeth Hardwicke, who left to their son the three magnificent estates of Chatsworth, Hardwicke, and Oldcotes. The dukedom of Devonshire was created in 1694.

The great Scotch house of Hamilton, of whom the Duke of Abercorn is the representative, is supposed to be descended from a branch of the Bellomonts, Earls of Leicester; but be this as it may, as early as the reign of Alexander II. the Hamiltons were a powerful and warlike house. In 1542 James Hamilton, second Earl of Arran, was the foremost personage in the kingdom of Scotland, being Regent for the young Queen Mary. Seven years later he was created Duke of Chatellerauld by Henry II. of France, an honour now held by the Duke of Abercorn. The dukedom of Abercorn was con-



MR. VICTOR CAVENDISH.

LADY EVELYN CAVENDISH (née FITZMAURICE).

ferred on the father of the present duke as recently as 1868. The dukedom of Hamilton, another ancient honour in the Hamilton family, is held by a Douglas who is maternally descended from the house of Hamilton. The new Knights of the Garter are about an age, his Grace of Devonshire having been born in 1833, while the Duke of Abercorn was born only five years later.

Dr. Forbes Watson, who died on July 29, was the son of an Aberdeenshire farmer, and was born in that county in 1827. Educated for the medical profession, he studied at Guy's Hospital and in Paris during the cholera outbreak of 1849. In 1850 he received the commission of assistant surgeon in the Bombay Medical Service, but in 1853 was compelled by ill-health to return to England. He then devoted his attention to sanitary matters, and proposed a commission to inquire into the nutritive value of the food-grains of India and the feeding of troops at sea—a proposal which was accepted, with excellent results. In 1858 he was appointed Reporter on the Products of India and Director of the India Museum, a post from which he retired in 1879. He then paid a second visit of more than a year's duration to India, which he had left nearly thirty years before. During this visit he repeated his former experiments on points showing the influence of climate on the body, and also carried out a series of trials with cotton-gins in the Southern Mahratta country. The last years of his life were devoted to the same objects, and his great work on fibres and fibre-yielding plants is the standard authority on the subject. His letters on the value of exhibitions, published in the *Times* of Dec. 28 and 30, 1872, and Jan. 9, 1874, were remarkable for their technical knowledge and breadth of view in indicating the true function and possible influence of future exhibitions. Among his other works and fugitive writings may be named his "People of India," his treatises on "Indian Wheat, Tobacco, and the Rhea Fibre"; and of his many other literary and scientific productions it need only be added, says the *Times*—to which journal we are indebted for these particulars—that they have placed him, in the opinion of those competent to judge, on the level of Prinsep and Sir William Jones. As a man, Dr. Forbes Watson was remarkable for his kindness of heart, engaging manners, and untiring energy; and the work he accomplished in promoting trade between India and England is great and enduring.

The death of Dr. Henry Walter Bellew takes from us a distinguished Orientalist. He was born in India in 1834, and his earliest work was a "Journal of the Mission to Candahar in 1857-8." This was followed by a "General Report on the Yusufzais," a "Grammar and Dictionary of the Pakhto Language," "From the Indus to the Tigris," and "Kashmir and Kashmir." Lord Lytton appointed Dr. Bellew Chief Political Officer at Cabul during the war with Afghanistan in 1879, with the result that he published a book on "The Races of Afghanistan" a year later.

Three musical knights have just been created, and each in his respective branch of the art is a thoroughly representative and popular man.



SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

Sir Joseph Barnby, whose portrait is here given, was born at York in 1838. He has only recently resigned his position as Precentor of Eton to accept the more onerous one of Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, his appointment to which has given general satisfaction. He will, however, retain the conductorship of the Royal Choral

Society, and he will direct the first Cardiff Musical Festival next month. Sir William Cusins, who is by five years the senior of his new colleague at the Guildhall School, is a native of London. He was conductor of the Philharmonic Society for seventeen years, and has for many years been conductor of the Queen's private band and the State concerts. As a pianist as well as a pianoforte teacher, Sir William Cusins has long held a high reputation. Sir Walter Parratt was born at Huddersfield, in 1841. He held appointments as organist of various churches, including Magdalen College, Oxford, and in 1882 was made organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which carries with it the position of Organist to her Majesty. Sir Walter is also a professor of his instrument at the Royal College of Music.

OUR PORTRAITS.

For our portraits in this issue we are indebted to the courtesy of the following photographers: to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, for those of Sir A. Geikie and Sir J. Barnby; to Mr. Thomson, Grosvenor Street, for Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice (Mrs. Victor Cavendish); to Mr. Bassano, Old Bond Street, for that of Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P.; and to Messrs. Lombardi, Pall Mall East, for that of the late Mr. Clapham.

For our Parliamentary portraits we are indebted to the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street; Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; Messrs. Walery, Regent Street; Messrs. Barraud, Oxford Street; Mr. Van der Weyde, Regent Street; Mr. J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street; Messrs. Boughton and Sons, Lowestoft; Mr. A. Sachs, Bradford; Mr. W. Vick, Ipswich; Messrs. Chancellor, Dublin; and Mr. Gartside, Oldham.

MUSIC.

Somehow, we can never be satisfied in this world. No sooner do we "achieve greatness" in one direction than the demon Ambition rises within us and impels us to strive after something equally great in another direction. An illustration of this peculiar human weakness is furnished by the new musical version of "Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie," which, under the title of "Haste to the Wedding," has recently been produced at the Criterion Theatre. We have here a clever adaptation of Labiche's whimsical farce done by one of the most gifted of our authors and librettists. Everyone knows, or at least knows of, that merry, nonsensical, inconsequential piece of fooling yclept "The Wedding March," with which Mr. W. S. Gilbert delighted the town some nineteen years ago. It is as fresh now as it was then, and there is probably nothing of its class that would better bear revival at the present moment. Who it was that suggested turning "The Wedding March" into an operetta we are not aware; but the idea was a good one, and Mr. Gilbert, with that remarkable faculty of his for utilising and remodelling his early efforts over again, effected the necessary conversion with characteristic neatness and skill, preserving as much as possible of the old material, and providing a quantity of new lyrics of the familiar Gilbertian pattern. The task of setting these last to music was undertaken by Mr. George Grossmith; and we regret to think that it has not altogether received justice at his hands. Mr. Grossmith is one of the most genial and amusing of our popular entertainers, but his creative gifts in a musical capacity had not so far been known to extend beyond the writing of a humorous song or the improvisation of a few descriptive bars upon the pianoforte. Some ten years ago, it is true, he composed music for a little *lever du rideau* entitled "Uncle Samuel," which for some time preceded "Patience" during its run at the Opéra Comique. But, as every amateur is aware, that is a very different kind of thing to setting a libretto in three acts destined to fill the programme of an entire evening. Power of invention and variety of resource are, as it happens, absolute essentials where the musical treatment of Mr. Gilbert's lyrics is concerned. Sir Arthur Sullivan found that out long ago, and only the other day poor Alfred Cellier was declaring that he never felt so nervous and anxious in his life as when he first set to work upon "The Mountebanks." Of course we cannot expect everyone who aspires to follow in the wake of these talented composers to possess the good fortune of carrying the same number of "guns." Sullivans and Celliers are not to be met with every day, and in the meantime managers are naturally clamouring for pieces as calculated to yield profit as those which emanate from the brilliant pen of the author of "The Mikado."

That "Haste to the Wedding," in spite of its feeble music, possesses all the elements for creating a hearty laugh may go without saying. It is capably performed by the company that Mr. Wyndham has collected for his summer season at the Criterion, and from first to last the rendering of the piece is marked by abundant spirit and "go." Mr. Frank Wyatt is delightfully droll as the much-worried Woodpecker, and his dance with the milliner (Miss Sybil Carlisle) ought not to be missed. An extremely clever character sketch is furnished by Mr. D. S. James (a son of the favourite comedian, Mr. David James) in the part of the Duke of Turniptopshire, who finds an admirable foil in the impulsive, "lion"-hunting Marchioness of Miss Ellis Jeffreys. The Maguire of Mr. Lionel Brough, the Uncle Bopaddy of Mr. Blakeley, and the Major-General Bunthunder of Mr. Sidney Valentine are all more or less diverting impersonations; and, indeed, it may fairly be said that there is not a single "square peg in a round hole" in the entire cast.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The German Emperor arrived at Cowes on Aug. 1 on board the imperial yacht *Kaiser Adler*, escorted by his Imperial Majesty's ship *Beowulf*, commanded by his Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia.

His Imperial Majesty was met by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian, who went on board the *Kaiser Adler* on her arrival. The royal party landed at Trinity Pier and proceeded to Osborne, where her Majesty and the royal family received the Emperor in the entrance-hall.

Her Majesty's dinner-party included his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor, their Royal Highnesses Prince Henry of Prussia, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and her Highness Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. His Imperial Majesty, with his Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia, afterwards returned on board the *Kaiser Adler*.

The marble sarcophagus, says *Truth*, in which the coffin of the Duke of Clarence is to be enclosed is to be finished in November. The Queen proposes that the ceremony of placing the coffin in the sarcophagus shall take place on the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort (Dec. 14), in the presence of her Majesty and all the members of the royal family who are then in England, and there will be a service in the Albert Memorial Chapel, conducted by the Bishop of Rochester, the Dean of Windsor, and Canon Dalton.

The Prince of Wales, who is to arrive at Homburg about Saturday, Aug. 13, for a stay of three weeks, will pay a brief visit to his nephew, the Grand Duke of Hesse, at Darmstadt, during his stay in Germany. The Prince will go to Scotland about the middle of September, and, after staying for a few days at Balmoral with the Queen, he will proceed to Braemar on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife at New Mar Lodge, and is to stay there for about three weeks.

The polling in Orkney and Shetland completed the General Election, and made sufficiently absurd the practice of extending this political battle over three weeks. Orkney and Shetland have left Mr. Gladstone's majority at forty, the loss of Greenock on a scrutiny having cost him two votes. Further fluctuations are possible, as a scrutiny is demanded in Central Finsbury, where Mr. Naoroji was elected by three votes, and several election petitions are under way at Worcester, Rochester, and Nottingham. There is even some talk of a petition against the return of Mr. Balfour in East Manchester. At present the new House of Commons consists of 274 Liberals, 72 Nationalists, and 9 Parnellites, 269 Conservatives, and 46 Liberal Unionists.

In a significant speech at Mallow, Mr. William O'Brien declared in his picturesque way that Mr. Gladstone's one desire is to see Ireland bathed in the first beams of freedom before he dies. The Nationalists, said Mr. O'Brien, decline to regard the Liberal Party as "a gang of card-sharpers," ready to betray the Irish cause at the first opportunity. The great object of immediately practical importance is to pass the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons. On the tactics which may be necessary after that, Mr. O'Brien and his friends are ready to trust to Mr. Gladstone's discretion. This means that the Liberal Party will not be expected by their Irish allies to appeal to the constituencies on the Home Rule Bill after the first encounter with the House of Lords. Such a policy would be welcomed by the Unionists for obvious reasons, but Mr. Gladstone is probably too expert a strategist to make a manœuvre which would imperil everything.

Some of the most eager of the advanced Radicals are clamouring for an autumn Session, which should be devoted to various democratic measures, while Home Rule was reserved for the Session which will begin next February. It is not probable that this course will be adopted, as Parliament has a great disrelish for being summoned in October to sit till Christmas, and the new Ministers will need ample time to prepare their measures. Meanwhile, Mr. Chamberlain, in a menacing speech at Birmingham, has proclaimed that he would have no part or lot in the legislation of a Liberal Government. This is evidently designed to define the attitude of the Liberal Unionists in regard to measures which they might commend in the abstract, and which they will find constant pretexts for resisting. It would never do for Mr. Chamberlain to support any Bill brought forward by a Liberal Cabinet. The Unionist alliance must be as compact against Mr. Gladstone in office as it has been against Mr. Gladstone in Opposition.

Mr. John Morley's opponent in the coming bye-election at Newcastle will apparently be Mr. Milvain, Q.C., the late Conservative member for Durham. The attitude of the Labour Party in this contest is not yet fixed, though Mr. Keir Hardie is understood to have recommended the working men to vote for Mr. Morley should no Labour candidate who is also a Home Ruler take the field. Mr. Hardie and his friends are divided between their detestation of Mr. Morley and their perception that they cannot afford to alienate the Irish vote. Their tactics in this interesting situation are watched by most politicians with the curiosity which is due to a young and inexperienced party launched upon the variable currents of Parliamentary opportunism.

The promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal have announced that another million and a half sterling must be added to the capital of the undertaking. Originally the capital was not to have exceeded six millions. It has been augmented to ten, and there is every prospect that before the Canal is completed it will have cost fully fourteen millions.

A striking development of the eight-hours movement is reported from Newcastle. Hitherto, one of the cardinal objections to an eight-hours day has been the inevitable reduction of wages. On this point the Amalgamated Society of Engineers have taken a remarkable line. They have proposed to their employers to accept a reduction of wages to the extent of fourteen per cent. in return for the concession of the

eight-hours day. Should this offer be accepted, the experiment will be one of the most notable in the history of the relations between capital and labour.

The Bishop of Chester has caused a great commotion in the temperance camp by suggesting that public-house property should be acquired by the County Councils. The Bishop's idea is similar to that embodied in the Gothenburg system, under which the municipality carries on the liquor traffic. Dr. Jayne holds that, managed in this fashion, public houses might be turned into genuine clubs for the working men, and become centres of inoffensive recreation and social intercourse. This proposal, as might have been expected, is vigorously combated by the advocates of the total suppression of the drink trade, who think they can uproot the habits of the people. There is a good deal to be said for the Bishop's view, but he must have a very high opinion of political courage if he thinks any party in the House of Commons is prepared to act on his advice. Between the publicans on one side and the extreme temperance reformers on the other, what would happen to the statesman who should propose to turn the County Councils into licensed victuallers?

Sir William Charley has resigned the office of Common Serjeant of the City of London, and has been awarded a pension which certainly does not undervalue his services.

ment, to make it steadfast and uniform, and that a solid Parliamentary majority should give it effect. On every question they should ask: "Is it National?" The idea of nationality should be the sanctuary of their political church. The "Centre," or Roman Catholic party, in the Reichstag must be regarded as an enemy to the Empire. If the Government chose its Ministers from that party it would be a danger and a great misfortune. These outspoken declarations of popular sentiments, in opposition to the dogma of absolute sovereign authority, to be exercised without contradiction, for the civil, social, and religious welfare of the people, have given a strong fillip to German Liberalism. Here is an old mastiff who will not easily be muzzled. Floods of beer were drunk by the Jena University students and by an assembly of five thousand folk in the market-place; and Professor Häckel, on their behalf, presented the veteran statesman with an enormous tobacco-pipe of fantastic shape and decoration—not meant as a token, probably, that this demonstration was to end in smoke.

The Russian Imperial Government, through its official or semi-official press, has been denouncing Bulgaria with unmeasured violence of language for daring to execute the just sentence of death on four of the murderous conspirators who plotted to kill M. Stambuloff, the Prime Minister, killed another Minister, M. Belcheff, by mistake, and would have assassinated Prince Ferdinand, the elected and actual ruler, not hitherto recognised in the prescribed diplomatic form. That Prince is accused of tyranny, as "a Coburg modern Nero," and his Minister of savage cruelty, as a fiend incarnate, by the inspired writers of the Russian despotic system. It is said, however, that M. Stambuloff holds in his hand documentary proofs of the complicity of Russian agents at Sofia in the assassination plot; those documents were not stolen, but were sold by persons who had them to the Bulgarian Government. If Russia would not like them to be published now, Russia must leave off scolding. That this scolding has been echoed by some French journalists, all honourable Frenchmen may see good reason to regret.

Russia's internal troubles appear to be considerable. The cholera has not been worse at Baku, or on the Volga, during the past week; but in overcrowded Siberian prisons, at Tomsk and Tobolsk, some deaths have taken place; and at Tashkend, in Russian Tartary, on July 6, a fierce riot, amounting to an attempted insurrection of the Sarts, inhabiting the native quarter of the city, was provoked by the enforcement of sanitary regulations. Five thousand of those wild sons of the Asiatic steppe attacked the house of Colonel Poutinstoff, the deputy governor, who fled for his life; they pursued and overtook him, maltreated him brutally, and left him apparently dying. Troops were called out, and there was a desperate battle; the military, reinforced by a regiment of Cossacks and two battalions of riflemen, stormed the mosques, which the Sarts had converted into forts, and drove them out, killing sixty, wounding a hundred more. In this instance, as in several others during a cholera panic, the ignorant people fancied that the medical men had caused the disease by administering poison; they demanded that the bodies of those dead from cholera should be disinterred and examined. If a similar panic were to occur at Nijni Novgorod during the great September fair, when myriads of Asiatic and European traffickers of various races and classes will congregate in that city, the result might be far more terrible than even at Tashkend.

In France and in Western Europe generally no events of political importance are to be expected at this season of the year. The ruins of the Palace of St. Cloud, destroyed by bombardment, accidentally or unintentionally, it is said, during the siege of Paris in 1871, have been sold to a contractor for a trifling price, and will be cleared away. The Municipality will lay out gardens on that ground. The Republican party has gained a hundred and fifty seats in the elections of departmental councils.

A dispute between France and the Congo Free State of Central Africa, represented in Europe by the King of the Belgians, has arisen upon a boundary question concerning the adjacent French Congo territory; there is also much stir or talk of French complaints against the British administrators of the Niger country in West Africa. Both sides of that continent afford perpetual invitations to the indulgence of mutual jealousy between agents or directors of chartered companies belonging to different European nations, while shareholders of these companies as yet gain nothing by their strife.

X.

THE FIRE AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Among the public edifices destroyed, with hundreds of private dwellings, by the recent calamitous fire in the city of St. John's, that magnificent structure, the cathedral church of St. John the Baptist, which belonged to the Church of England, is left in ruins. It was esteemed the finest ecclesiastical building in the British American colonies; and its erection, begun in 1846, continued at intervals in after years, had cost altogether not much less than £100,000, much of this money having been collected in England by the efforts of successive bishops. The architectural designs, of pointed Gothic style, were furnished by the late Sir G. Gilbert Scott. The nave was completed and opened for service in 1850; the transepts, chancel, and tower were added not many years ago. In a very short time the disastrous conflagration of July 9, which has been described, made utter havoc with this noble cathedral; the windows and doors gave way to the flames, which entered and consumed the whole interior; the entire roof fell down, the massive stone pillars and part of the walls. Our illustrations show what now remains of that stately edifice. The Bishop, the Right Rev. Llewellyn Jones, D.D., who lost also his house with all its contents, and had barely time to escape with his family, is consoled with by people of all classes and creeds.

We are indebted to Mr. Parsons, of St. John's, Newfoundland, for the photographs from which our illustrations are taken.



RUINS OF ENGLISH CATHEDRAL: INTERIOR, FROM WEST ENTRANCE.



RUINS OF ENGLISH CATHEDRAL: INTERIOR, FROM NORTH ENTRANCE.

THE FIRE AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

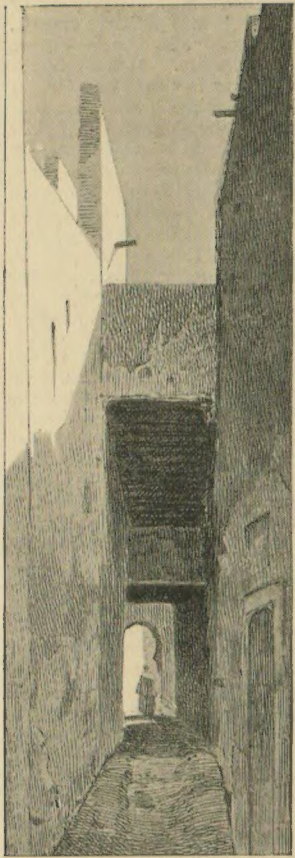
The letter written by Sir William to the Lord Mayor (who, by-the-way, has just been knighted) to extol the services of the late Common Serjeant, and implore an annuity, is a model of what every high-minded functionary should avoid.

The scientific congresses are displaying the activity which is expected of them at this time of year. The British Medical Association has just finished its sittings at Nottingham, after an animated discussion on vivisection, and the British Association opened its session at Edinburgh on Aug. 3.

Mr. H. M. Stanley has made an emphatic protest against the African expeditions of the Anti-Slavery Society, which he regards as foolhardy; and Lord Aberdare has given the lie direct to Lieutenant Mizon, an eccentric officer in the French Navy, who owes his life to the officials of the Royal Niger Company and accuses them of plotting his assassination.

Prince Bismarck, on his way home from the baths of Kissingen and the enthusiastic commendations of National Liberals in South Germany, stopped at Jena, where he, on Sunday, July 31, made speeches, being in the kingdom of Saxony, protesting more boldly than ever against the present attitude of the Imperial Government. He would not, as a private German citizen, remain silent when measures were adopted which he thought were mistaken; he would obey his conscience and perform his duty whatever the consequences to himself might be. The essence of constitutional monarchy was in the co-operation of the Sovereign's will with the convictions of an enlightened people. They must take care not to fall under the rule of a bureaucracy. For his own part, he had never been an absolutist. It was needful to strengthen political conviction, both in public opinion and in Parlia-

SCENES IN THE CITY OF FEZ, MOROCCO.

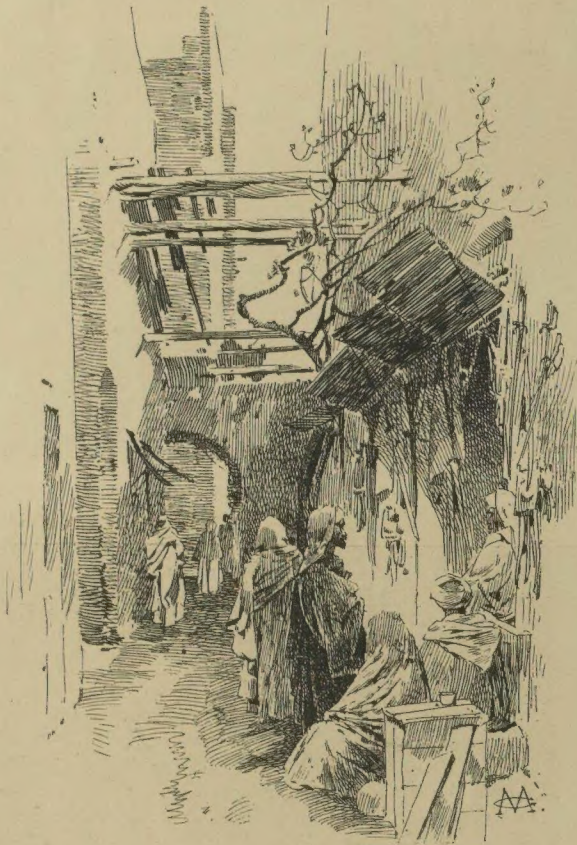


STREET IN OLD FEZ.

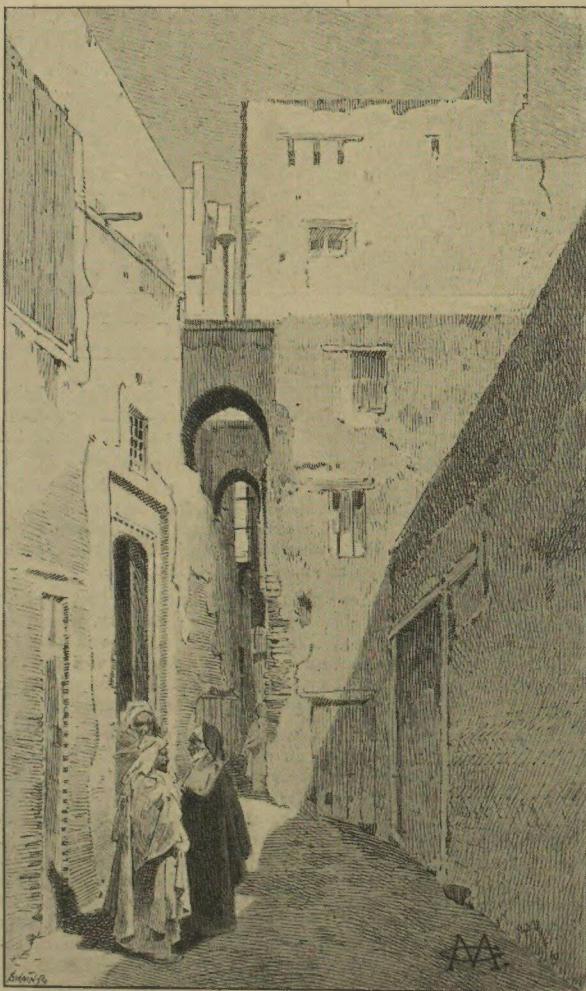
anean coast, adjacent to the French territory of Algeria, to its south-western extremity, near Cape Juby, on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean. The population, comprising a variety of races, is estimated at six millions, of whom the Moors, as descendants of warlike conquering followers of the Prophet of Islam, maintain a severe ascendancy over the Berbers, Arabs, Jews, and various local tribes, but have often to deal with the outbreak of tribal insurrection. Fez, Morocco, and Mequinez, which are the three capital cities or residences of the Sultan, are situated inland, near the base of the great range of mountains. These were formerly rich



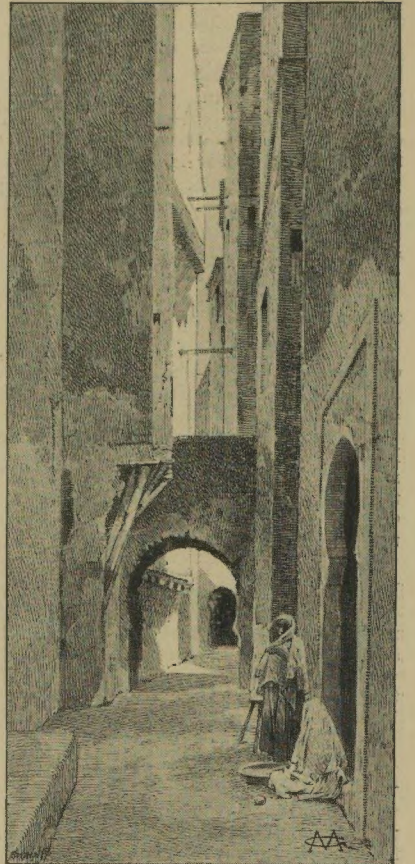
BERBER VILLAGE, NEAR FEZ.



GUNMAKER'S SHOP.

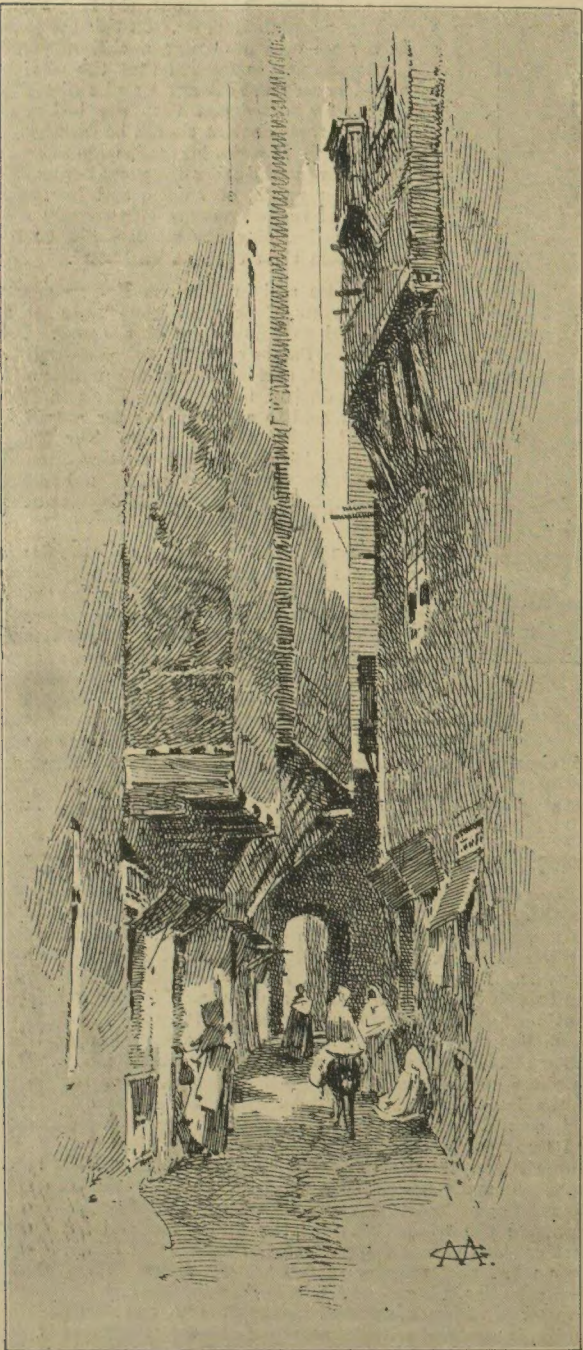


DEB-EL-BESHIR.



STREET NEAR THE MELLAH.

and splendid towns. A general description of Fez was given by Mr. Walter B. Harris in our pages last week accompanying his comment on the affair of Sir C. Euan-Smith's diplomatic mission to the Sultan. This decayed, once stately city, which was of yore the capital of a powerful Mohammedan State, but is now second in rank to the city of Morocco, still contains many good examples of graceful and ingenious Moorish architecture. It possesses also manufacturing and trading industries of some importance, those of clothing and ornament being still in request among the Moslem nations of North Africa.



STREET IN FEZ.



STREET IN FEZ.



UMA; OR THE BEACH OF FALESÁ. (BEING THE NARRATIVE OF A SOUTH-SEA TRADER.)

By
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CHAPTER V.

NIGHT IN THE BUSH.

Well, I was committed now; Tiapolo had to be smashed up before next day, and my hands were pretty full, not only with preparations, but with argument. My house was like a mechanics' debating society. Uma was so made up that I shouldn't go into the bush by night, or that, if I did, I was never to come back again. You know her style of arguing: you've had a specimen about Queen Victoria and the devil; and I leave you to fancy if I was tired of it before dark.

At last, I had a good idea. "What was the use of casting my pearls before her?" I thought; some of her own chopped hay would be likelier to do the business.

"I'll tell you what then," said I. "You fish out your Bible, and I'll take that up along with me. That'll make me right."

She swore a Bible was no use.

"That's just your Kanaka ignorance," said I. "Bring the Bible out."

She brought it, and I turned to the title-page, where I thought there would likely be some English, and so there was. "There!" said I. "Look at that! 'London: Printed for the British and Foreign Bible Society, Blackfriars,' and the date, which I can't read, owing to its being in these X's. There's no devil in hell can look near the Bible Society, Blackfriars. Why, you silly," I said, "how do you suppose we get along with our own *aitus* at home? All Bible Society!"

"I think you no got any," said she. "White man, he tell me you no got."

"Sounds likely, don't it?" I asked. "Why would these islands all be chock full of them, and none in Europe?"

"Well, you no got breadfruit," said she.

I could have torn my hair. "Now, look here, old lady," said I, "you dry up, for I'm tired of you. I'll take the Bible, which'll put me as straight as the mail, and that's the last word I've got to say."

The night fell extraordinary dark, clouds coming up with sundown and overspreading all; not a star showed; there was only an end of a moon, and that not due before the small hours. Round the village, what with the lights and the fires in the open houses and the torches of many fishers moving on the reef, it kept as gay as an illumination; but the sea and the mountains and woods were all clean gone. I suppose it might be eight o'clock when I took the road, laden like a donkey. First there was that Bible, a book as big as your head, which I had let myself in for by my own tomfoolery. Then there was my gun and knife and lantern and patent matches, all necessary. And then there was the real plant of the affair in hand, a mortal weight of gunpowder, a pair of dynamite fishing-bombs, and two or three pieces of slow match that I had hauled out of the tin cases and spliced together the best way I could; for the match was only trade stuff, and a man would be crazy that trusted it. Altogether, you see, I had the materials of a pretty good blow up! Expense was nothing to me; I wanted that thing done right.

As long as I was in the open, and had the lamp in my house to steer by, I did well. But when I got to the path, it fell so dark I could make no headway, walking into trees and swearing there, like a man looking for the matches in his bed-room. I knew it was risky to light up; for my lantern would be visible all the way to the point of the cape, and as no one went there after dark, it would be talked about and come to Case's ears. But what was I to do? I had either to give the business

over and lose caste with Maca, or light up, take my chance, and get through the thing the smartest I was able.

As long as I was on the path, I walked hard; but when I came to the black beach, I had to run. For the tide was now nearly flowed; and to get through with my powder dry between the surf and the steep hill took all the quickness I possessed. As it was,

even the wash caught me to the knees and I came near falling on a stone. All this time the hurry I was in, and the free air and smell of the sea, kept my spirits lively; but when I was once in the bush and began to climb the path I took it easier. The fearsomeness of the wood had been a good bit rubbed off for me by Master Case's banjo-strings and graven images; yet I thought it was a dreary walk, and guessed, when the disciples went up there, they must be badly scared. The light of the lantern, striking among all these trunks, and forked branches, and twisted rope-ends of lianas, made the whole place, or all that you could see of it, a kind of a puzzle of turning shadows. They came to meet you, solid and quick like giants, and then



The Winchester cracked again, and down she went.

spun off and vanished; they hove up over your head like clubs, and flew away into the night like birds. The floor of the bush glimmered with dead wood, the way the match-box used to shine after you had struck a lucifer. Big, cold drops fell on me from the branches overhead like sweat. There was no wind to mention; only a little icy breath of a land breeze that stirred nothing; and the harps were silent.

The first landfall I made was when I got through the bush of wild cocoanuts, and came in view of the bogies on the wall. Mighty queer they looked by the shining of the lantern, with their painted faces and shell eyes, and their clothes and their hair hanging. One after another I pulled them all up and piled them in a bundle on the cellar roof, so as they might go to glory with the rest. Then I chose a place behind one of the big stones at the entrance, buried my powder and the two shells, and arranged my match along the passage. And then I had a look at the smoking head, just for good-bye. It was doing fine.

"Cheer up!" says I. "You're booked."

It was my first idea to light up and be getting homeward; for the darkness and the glimmer of the dead wood and the shadows of the lantern made me lonely. But I knew where one of the harps hung; it seemed a pity it shouldn't go with the rest; and at the same time I couldn't help letting on to myself that I was mortal tired of my employment and would like best to be at home and have the door shut. I stepped out of the cellar and argued it fore and back. There was a sound of the sea far down below me on the coast; nearer hand not a leaf stirred; I might have been the only living creature this side of Cape Horn. Well, as I stood there thinking, it seemed the bush woke and became full of little noises. Little noises they were, and nothing to hurt; a bit of a crackle, a bit of a rush; but the breath jumped right out of me and my throat went as dry as a biscuit. It wasn't Case I was afraid of, which would have been common-sense; I never thought of Case; what took me, as sharp as the colic, was the old wives' tales—the devil-women and the man-pigs. It was the toss of a penny whether I should run: but I got a purchase on myself, and stepped out, and held up the lantern (like a fool) and looked all round.

In the direction of the village and the path there was nothing to be seen; but when I turned inland it's a wonder to me I didn't drop. There, coming right up out of the desert and the bad bush—there, sure enough, was a devil-woman, just as the way I had figured she would look. I saw the light shine on her bare arms and her bright eyes, and there went out of me a yell so big that I thought it was my death.

"Ah! No sing out!" says the devil-woman, in a kind of high whisper. "Why you talk big voice? Put out light! Ese he come."

"My God Almighty, Uma, is that you?" says I.

"Joe," * says she. "I come quick. Ese here soon."

"You come along?" I asked. "You no 'fraid?"

"Ah, too much 'fraid!" she whispered, clutching me. "I think die."

"Well," says I, with a kind of a weak grin, "I'm not the one to laugh at you, Mrs. Wiltshire, for I'm about the worst scared man in the South Pacific myself."

She told me in two words what brought her. I was scarce gone, it seems, when Faavao came in, and the old woman had met Black Jack running as hard as he was fit from our house to Case's. Uma neither spoke nor stopped, but lit right out to come and warn me. She was so close at my heels that the lantern was her guide across the beach, and afterwards, by the glimmer of it in the trees, she got her line up hill. It was only when I had got to the top or was in the cellar that she wandered Lord knows where, and lost a sight of precious

time, afraid to call out lest Case was at the heels of her, and falling in the bush, so that she was all knocked and bruised. That must have been when she got too far to the southward, and how she came to take me in the flank at last and frighten me beyond what I've got the words to tell of.

Well, anything was better than a devil-woman, but I thought her yarn serious enough. Black Jack had no call to be about my house, unless he was set there to watch; and it looked to me as if my tomfool word about the paint, and perhaps some chatter of Maca's, had got us all in a clove hitch. One thing was clear: Uma and I were here for the night; we daren't try to go home before day, and even then it would be safer to strike round up the mountain and come in by the back of the village, or we might walk into an ambushade. It was plain, too, that the mine should be sprung immediately, or Case might be in time to stop it.

I marched into the tunnel, Uma keeping tight hold of me, opened my lantern and lit the match. The first length of it burned like a spill of paper, and I stood stupid, watching it burn, and thinking we were going aloft with Tiapolo, which was none of my views. The second took to a better rate, though

You know what trade is. The stuff was good enough for Kanakas to go fishing with, where they've got to look lively anyway, and the most they risk is only to have their hand blown off. But for anyone that wanted to fool around a blow-up like mine that match was rubbish.

Altogether, the best I could do was to lie still, see my shot-gun handy, and wait for the explosion. But it was a solemn kind of a business. The blackness of the night was like solid; the only thing you could see was the nasty boggy glimmer of the dead wood, and that showed you nothing but itself; and as for sounds, I stretched my ears till I thought I could have heard the match burn in the tunnel, and that bush was as silent as a coffin. Now and then there was a bit of a crack; but whether it was near or far, whether it was Case stubbing his toes within a few yards of me, or a tree breaking miles away, I knew no more than the babe unborn.

And then, all of a sudden, Vesuvius went off. It was a long time coming; but when it came (though I say it that shouldn't) no man could ask to see a better. At first it was just a son of a gun of a row, and a spout of fire, and the wood lighted up so that you could see to read. And then the trouble

began. Uma and I were half-buried under a wagonful of earth, and glad it was no worse, for one of the rocks at the entrance of the tunnel was fired clean into the air, fell within a couple of fathoms of where we lay, and bounded over the edge of the hill, and went pounding down into the next valley. I saw I had rather undercalculated our distance, or overdone the dynamite and powder, which you please.

And presently I saw I had made another slip. The noise of the thing began to die off, shaking the island; the dazzle was over; and yet the night didn't come back the way I expected. For the whole wood was scattered with red coals and brands from the explosion; they were all round me on the flat, some had fallen below in the valley, and some stuck and flared in the tree-tops. I had no fear of fire, for these forests are too wet to kindle. But the trouble was that the place was all lit up—not very bright, but good enough to get a shot by; and the way the coals were scattered, it was just as likely Case might have the advantage as myself. I looked all round for his white face, you may be sure; but there was not a sign of him. As for Uma, the life seemed to have been knocked right out of her by the bang and blaze of it.

There was one bad point in my game. One of the blessed graven images had come down all afire,

hair and clothes and body, not four yards away from me. I cast a mighty noticing glance all round; there was no Case, and I made up my mind I must get rid of that burning stick before he came, or I should be shot there like a dog.

It was my first idea to have crawled, and then I thought speed was the main thing, and stood half up to make a rush. The same moment from somewhere between me and the sea there came a flash and a report, and a rifle bullet screeched in my ear. I swung straight round and up with my gun, but the brute had a Winchester, and before I could as much as see him his second shot knocked me over like a ninepin. I seemed to fly in the air, then came down by the run and lay half a minute, silly; and then I found my hands empty, and my gun had flown over my head as I fell. It makes a man mighty wide awake to be in the kind of box that I was in. I scarcely knew where I was hurt, or whether I was hurt or not, but turned right over on my face to crawl after my weapon. Unless you have tried to get about with a smashed leg you don't know what pain is, and I let out a howl like a bullock's.

This was the unluckiest noise that ever I made in my life. Up to then Uma had stuck to her tree like a sensible woman, knowing she would be only in the way; but as soon as she heard me sing out she ran forward. The Winchester cracked again, and down she went.

I had sat up, leg and all, to stop her; but when I saw her



I lay quite still, and as good as looked into the barrel.

faster than I cared about; and at that I got my wits again, hauled Uma clear of the passage, blew out and dropped the lantern, and the pair of us groped our way into the bush until I thought it might be safe, and lay down together by a tree.

"Old lady," I said, "I won't forget this night. You're a trump, and that's what 's wrong with you."

She bumped herself close up to me. She had run out the way she was, with nothing on her but her kilt; and she was all wet with the dew and the sea on the black beach, and shook straight on with cold and the terror of the dark and the devils.

"Too much 'fraid" was all she said.

The far side of Case's hill goes down near as steep as a precipice into the next valley. We were on the very edge of it, and I could see the dead wood shine and hear the sea sound far below. I didn't care about the position, which left me no retreat, but I was afraid to change. Then I saw I had made a worse mistake about the lantern, which I should have left lighted, so that I could have had a crack at Case when he stepped into the shine of it. And since I hadn't had the wit to do that, it seemed a senseless thing to leave the good lantern to blow up with the graven images. The thing belonged to me, after all, and was worth money, and might come in handy. If I could have trusted the match, I might have run in still and rescued it. But who was going to trust the match?

* Yes.

tumble I clapped down again where I was, lay still, and felt the handle of my knife. I had been scurried and put out before. No more of that for me. He had knocked over my girl, I had got to fix him for it; and I lay there and gritted my teeth, and footed up the chances. My leg was broke, my gun was gone. Case had still ten shots in his Winchester. It looked a kind of hopeless business. But I never despaired nor thought upon despairing: that man had got to go.

For a goodish bit not one of us let on. Then I heard Case begin to move nearer in the bush, but mighty careful. The image had burned out, there were only a few coals left here and there, and the wood was main dark, but had a kind of a low glow in it like a fire on its last legs. It was by this that I made out Case's head looking at me over a big tuft of ferns, and at the same time the brute saw me and shouldered his Winchester. I lay quite still, and as good as looked into the barrel: it was my last chance, but I thought my heart would have come right out of its bearings. Then he fired. Lucky for me it was no shot-gun, for the bullet struck within an inch of me and knocked the dirt in my eyes.

Just you try and see if you can lie quiet, and let a man take a sitting shot at you and miss you by a hair. But I did, and lucky, too. A while Case stood with the Winchester at the port-arms; then he gave a little laugh to himself, and stepped round the ferns.

"Laugh!" thought I. "If you had the wit of a louse you would be praying!"

I was all as taut as a ship's hawser or the spring of a watch, and as soon as he came within reach of me I had him by the ankle, plucked the feet right out from under him, laid him out, and was upon the top of him, broken leg and all, before he breathed. His Winchester had gone the same road as my shot-gun; it was nothing to me—I defied him now. I'm a pretty strong man anyway, but I never knew what strength was till I got hold of Case. He was knocked out of time by the rattle he came down with, and threw up his hands together, more like a frightened woman, so that I caught both of them with my left. This wakened him up, and he fixed his teeth in my forearm like a weasel. Much I cared. My leg gave me all the pain I had any use for, and I drew my knife and got it in the place.

"Now," said I, "I've got you; and you're gone up, and a good job too! Do you feel the point of that? That's for Underhill! And there's for Adams! And now here's for Uma, and that's going to knock your blooming soul right out of you!"

With that I gave him the cold steel for all I was worth. His body kicked under me like a spring sofa; he gave a dreadful kind of a long moan, and lay still.

"I wonder if you're dead? I hope so," I thought, for my head was swimming. But I wasn't going to take chances; I had his own example too close before me for that; and I tried to draw the knife out to give it him again. The blood came over my hands, I remember, hot as tea; and with that I fainted clean away, and fell with my head on the man's mouth.

When I came to myself it was pitch dark; the cinders had burned out; there was nothing to be seen but the shine of the dead wood, and I couldn't remember where I was nor why I was in such pain nor what I was all wetted with. Then it came back, and the first thing I attended to was to give him the knife again a half-a-dozen times up to the handle. I believe he was dead already, but it did him no harm and did me good.

"I bet you're dead now," I said, and then I called to Uma.

Nothing answered, and I made a move to go and grope for her, fouled my broken leg, and fainted again.

When I came to myself the second time the clouds had all cleared away, except a few that sailed there, white as cotton. The moon was up—a tropic moon. The moon at home turns a wood black, but even this old butt-end of a one showed up that forest as green as by day. The night birds—or, rather, they're a kind of early morning bird—sang out with their long, falling notes like nightingales. And I could see the dead man, that I was still half resting on, looking right up into the sky with his open eyes, no paler than when he was alive; and a little way off Uma, tumbled on her side. I got over to her the best way I was able, and when I got there she was broad awake and crying, and sobbing to herself with no more noise than an insect. It appears she was afraid to cry out loud, because of the *aitus*. Altogether she was not much hurt, but scared beyond belief; she had come to her senses a long while ago, cried out to me, heard nothing in reply, made out we were both dead, and had lain there ever since, afraid to budge a finger. The ball had ploughed up her shoulder, and she had lost a main quantity of blood; but I soon had that tied up the way it ought to be with the tail of my shirt and a scarf I had on, got her head on my sound knee and my back against a trunk, and settled down to wait for morning. Uma was for neither use nor ornament, and could only clutch hold of me and shake and cry. I don't suppose there was ever anybody worse scared, and to do her justice she had had a lively night of it. As for me, I was in a good bit of pain and fever, but not so bad when I sat still; and every time I looked over to Case I could have sung and whistled. Talk about meat and drink! To see that man lying there dead as a herring filled me full.

The night birds stopped after a while; and then the light began to change, the east came orange, the whole wood began to whirr with singing like a musical box, and there was the broad day.

I didn't expect Maca for a long while yet; and, indeed, I thought there was an off-chance he might go back on the whole idea and not come at all. I was the better pleased when, about an hour after daylight, I heard sticks smashing and a lot of Kanakas laughing and singing out to keep their courage up. Uma sat up quite brisk at the first word of it; and presently we saw a party comestraining out of the path, Maca in front and behind him a white man in a pith helmet. It was Mr.

Tarleton, who had turned up late last night in Falesá, having left his boat and walked the last stage with a lantern.

They buried Case upon the field of glory, right in the hole where he had kept the smoking head. I waited till the thing was done; and Mr. Tarleton prayed, which I thought tomfoolery, but I'm bound to say he gave a pretty sick view of the dear departed's prospects, and seemed to have his own ideas of hell. I had it out with him afterwards, told him he had scamped his duty, and what he had ought to have done was to up like a man and tell the Kanakas plainly Case was damned, and a good riddance; but I never could get him to see it my way. Then they made me a litter of poles and carried me down to the station. Mr. Tarleton set my leg, and made a regular missionary splice of it, so that I limp to this day. That done, he took down my evidence, and Uma's, and Maca's, wrote it all out fine, and had us sign it; and then he got the chiefs and marched over to Papa Randall's to seize Case's papers.

All they found was a bit of a diary, kept for a good many years, and all about the price of copra and chickens being stolen, and that; and the books of the business and the will I told you of in the beginning, by both of which the whole thing (stock, lock, and barrel) appeared to belong to the Samoa woman. It was I that bought her out, at a mighty reasonable figure, for she was in a hurry to get home. As for Randall and the black, they had to tramp; got into some kind of a station on the Papa-mālū side; did very bad business, for the truth is neither of the pair was fit for it; and lived mostly on fish, which was the means of Randall's death. It seems there was a nice shoal in one day, and papa went after them with the dynamite; either the match burned too fast or papa was full, or both, but the shell went off (in the usual way) before he threw it, and where was papa's hand? Well, there's nothing to hurt in that: the islands up north are all full of one-handed men, like the parties in the "Arabian

they would be in a white man's country, though Ben took the eldest up to Auckland, where he's being schooled with the best. But what bothers me is the girls. They're only half-castes, of course; I know that as well as you do, and there's nobody thinks less of half-castes than I do; but they're mine, and about all I've got. I can't reconcile my mind to their taking up with Kanakas, and I'd like to know where I'm to find the whites?

THE END.

SKETCHES IN EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

We present some more views of the scenery around Teita, Taveta, and Mochi, on the route inland from the seaport of Mombasa, the headquarters of the British East Africa Company, passing south of Mount Kilimanjaro, and there crossing the frontier of the German East Africa Company's territory, not halfway from the sea-coast to the south-western shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza. These views, with the others published by us a fortnight ago, are supplied by the sketches taken there in January and February this year by the Right Rev. Alfred R. Tucker, D.D., Bishop of East Equatorial Africa, when he visited the stations of the Church Missionary Society at those places. The journey inland along this well-known route of travel has been repeatedly described; but Mr. Joseph Thomson, in his interesting book, entitled "Through Masai-Land," relating the expedition that he performed in 1883 for the Royal Geographical Society, gives a vivid account of the natural features of the country and of its native population. After crossing the barren waterless desert of Taro, which may, probably, soon be traversed more easily by the projected railway, the fertile and beautiful Teita district is approached; and Mount Ndara, an isolated peak of striking aspect, the slopes of which are cultivated and inhabited by Wa-Teita families, driven from the plain, some years ago, by dread of



SKETCHES IN EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA, BY BISHOP TUCKER: THE MISSION STATION AT MOCHI.

Nights"; but either Randall was too old, or he drank too much, and the short and the long of it was that he died. Pretty soon after, the nigger was turned out of the islands for stealing from white men, and went off to the west, where he found men of his own colour, in case he liked that, and the men of his own colour took and ate him at some kind of a corroborree, and I'm sure I hope he was to their fancy!

So there was I, left alone in my glory at Falesá; and when the schooner came round I filled her up, and gave her a deck-cargo half as high as the house. I must say Mr. Tarleton did the right thing by us; but he took a meanish kind of a revenge.

"Now, Mr. Wiltshire," said he, "I've put you all square with everybody here. It wasn't difficult to do, Case being gone; but I have done it, and given my pledge besides that you will deal fairly with the natives. I must ask you to keep my word."

Well, so I did. I used to be bothered about my balances, but I reasoned it out this way. We all have queerish balances, and the natives all know it and water their copra in a proportion so that it's fair all round; but the truth is, it did use to bother me, and, though I did well in Falesá, I was half glad when the firm moved me on to another station, where I was under no kind of a pledge and could look my balances in the face.

As for the old lady, you know her as well as I do. She's only the one fault. If you don't keep your eye lifting she would give away the roof off the station. Well, it seems it's natural in Kanakas. She's turned a powerful big woman now, and could throw a London bobby over her shoulder. But that's natural in Kanakas too, and there's no manner of doubt that she's an A 1 wife.

Mr. Tarleton's gone home, his trick being over; he was the best missionary I ever struck, and now, it seems, he's parsonising down Somerset way. Well, that's best for him; he'll have no Kanakas there to get lunny over.

My public-house? Not a bit of it, nor ever likely. I'm stuck here, I fancy. I don't like to leave the kids, you see; and—there's no use talking—they're better here than what

the ferocious Masai, becomes a conspicuous object in the view. Several other peaks and ridges in the vicinity, and the grand range of the Bura mountains beyond, to the westward, afford relief to the eye wearied by the monotony of the preceding journey. The Wa-Teita seem to be a rather timid and feeble race, but willingly accept the protection of the British Company; and a missionary station was formerly established on the hill of Ndara, which it has been needful, for the present, to leave vacant. Much more could be said of Taveta, which lies four or five days' journey farther to the west, in a small tract of "depressed" land, covered with dense forest and thicket, a strip of luxuriant verdure, near the base of the huge snow-clad mountain Kilimanjaro; the river Lumi flows through Taveta, supplying abundant moisture to the soil, and Lake Jipé is, at its lower end, closed southward by the Ugono Mountains. Taveta adjoins the German territory, and is likely to become an important trading town. Here the traveller gets a view of Kibo, 19,000 ft. high, the loftiest summit of sublime Kilimanjaro, an extinct volcano, which has piled up its masses of lava, tufa, and conglomerate to an altitude far surpassing its neighbour Kimawenzi, and has been crowned and robed with perpetual snow, shining brightly in the deep-blue sky. Below the southern slope of that immense cluster or group of volcanic mountain formations, the sides of which are shaggy with woods and intersected by torrents, is the terrace-platform of Chagga, whereon are many native villages, looking west to Mount Meru; and near here is the Mochi missionary station, with the church in which Bishop Tucker, on Feb. 20, baptised two native boys. A letter just received from the resident Church missionary, the Rev. A. R. Steggall, dated May 31, reports much dispute and trouble with the German officers, Baron von Bulow and others, in authority at the Kilimanjaro station. Since the death of the local native chief, Mandara, his son, named "Mealie," has become hostile to them; German lives have been lost in repeated skirmishes, and there are fears of an attack on Mochi by the Germans with their Nubian soldiers.

SKETCHES IN EAST EQUATORIAL AFRICA, BY BISHOP TUCKER.



THE MISSION HOUSE AT TAVETA.



THE CHURCH AT MOCHI.



HILL OF NDARA, FROM TEITA.



KIBO (THE HIGHEST SUMMIT OF KILIMANJARO), FROM MOCHI.



THE CAMP AT TAVETA.



"BUTTERFLY-CATCHING."—AFTER ANDRÉ BROUILLET.

LITERATURE.

LADY LINDSAY'S STORIES.

This volume,* which is rather unequal in the quality of its contents, labours under the serious disadvantage that its title-story is one of perhaps the two weakest tales in the whole collection—the other being “Gracie,” the most distinctly unsuccessful story in the book. “Professor” Simpkins and his “Academy of Art” have doubtless their counterparts in the life of to-day, as Mr. Gandish and his world had some generations ago, but they are scarcely made to live and move realistically in Lady Lindsay’s little sketch, and the “philosopher” in the first story is somehow not a very credible philosopher. The longer “History of a Railway Journey” is, however, excellently conceived and worked out, one of its minor merits being the avoidance of the conventionally fortunate ending which most writers would have felt tempted to give it. A distinguished novelist remarked lately to the present reviewer, speaking of Mr. Hardy’s “Group of Noble Dames,” that it showed great wealth of narrative material, inasmuch as all the stories were told in bare outline, although nearly every one of them contained such an amount of “subject” as almost any other living writer would have grudged expending upon a novelette, and would have considered as sufficient to float a regular three-decker. Lady Lindsay has not a little of the opposite kind of talent—the ability to make a good deal out of rather attenuated material, and this gift is well illustrated in “Mrs. Toovey’s Red Book,” an admirably lively chronicle of the rather original love-making at a country-house, where the host and hostess “always chose their friends carefully—not a bad shot among them.” Quite the worst thing about this story is that the principal male in it is a creature who speaks of dancing as Terpsichorean exercise. “The Rudiments of a Romance” scarcely answers to its title, and “Poor Miss Brackenthorne” carries slightness of texture a little too far; but “Letitia’s Long Day” is, within narrow and unambitious limits, a charming little idyl of boy-and-girl courtship. In “Miss Dairsio’s Diary” Lady Lindsay has for once hardly made enough of her material. The narrative of the little motherless Anglo-Indian girl sent to be reared in Scotland, and dying there, has much pathos, but it seems needlessly hurried to its issue. This story also shows real humour—a plant which, the opinion of Charles Lamb notwithstanding, does really flourish north of the Tweed. When Boswell asked Johnson why he spoke of Garrick’s death as having eclipsed the gaiety of nations (plural), the sage replied: “Why, Sir, one may say nations if one allows the Scotch to be a nation—and to have gaiety.” But gaiety and humour are two things, and there are certain unexhausted potentialities in Lady Lindsay’s old Scotch nurse, whose contempt for the practice of degrading whisky with hot water embodies itself in the great aphorism, “It’s a puir stomach that canna warm its own drink.” We would also have liked to see more of Lisbeth, if only to catch the contagion of her enthusiasm for the “great preacher” who “moved his arms about in the pulpit that brawly ye couldna but listen to him,” not to speak of his having “daug’d the guts oot o’ twa Bibles during the sairvice.” Here and elsewhere Lady Lindsay displays a depth of sympathy, untainted by any suspicion of patronage, with very humble folk, which makes us wish she would give us stories drawn from that more picturesque phase of lowly life in Scotland which we imagine she knows and loves, and in which her powers of free, direct, and simple narration would find a congenial field for exercise.

WILLIAM WATSON.

“THE SINNER’S COMEDY.”

The Sinner’s Comedy. By John Oliver Hobbes, Author of “Some Emotions and a Moral.” (T. Fisher Unwin.)—The art of fiction is the art of leaving out. To put in everything is the secret longing of every novelist; but three influences, in their varying measures, debar him from the fulfilment of his dream—the local conventions of propriety, the natural indolence of man, and the fatal necessity of making his work somewhat less lengthy than the life of his reader. Something he must omit, and the question what to omit is the question which divides literary schools and national literatures. It is the peculiarity of the lady who writes under the name of John Oliver Hobbes that her omissions are not those of the English, nor even of the American, but rather those of the French novel. The points of interest to her are the relation of man to woman, and of woman to man; and her system of narrative is by flashes of vivid generalisation. A few significant moments stand out, united by little or no “connective tissue”; and the reader is left to fill in the rest for himself—much after the fashion of the game in which a human figure has to be drawn so as to connect five haphazard dots. This is an exercise of mental agility not usually demanded of English readers. Many of them, unable to fill up the blanks at all, will declare the book incomprehensible; others, on the theory, to which the prolix propriety of our own fiction has accustomed us, that the unspoken indicates the improper, will complain that the work is disagreeable.

“Some Emotions and a Moral” was more or less popular in spite both of its merits and its defects. Its shorthand methods, its almost inhuman cleverness, its audacities of inconsequence were startling. But a second book can never startle as the first did, especially if, like “The Sinner’s Comedy,” it has less crudity, more unity, and far better “composition.” It is a safe prophecy that the average reader will complain more of the methods in this story wherein they are less deficient. Yet his complaints will not be unfounded, even in this case. Paddling, is, no doubt, a defect; but the omission of essentials is a defect too; and the special point of view from which this book is written leads to the omission of some essentials, and to a consequent uncertainty of character-drawing. Let us grant that the relation of man to woman is the most interesting of relations, and the best calculated to display human character. Yet it is not the only interesting relation, nor does it provide the sole interesting manifestations of character; and to leave out all the rest is to diminish our interest in the lovers, and consequently in their love story. There is, for instance, the Dean in “The Sinner’s Comedy.” Is the Dean a man who believes in the religion which he preaches, or is he not? There is not a word to indicate. We hear exactly what he feels and thinks in the personal neighbourhood of this or that woman; but we never get a moment’s insight into his personal convictions. The fine passage in which he hears of Anna’s death, and proceeds with his sermon, is marred by this uncertainty. Is he clinging fervently to the Christian hope of reunion, or is he merely fulfilling a cynically empty professional form? Is he, in short, an honest man, or a hypocrite? Upon the answer depends much of our interest, and even our faith, in his love for Anna, as well as all our comprehension of himself. The writer, we are well convinced, knows all the various truths

* *The Philosopher’s Window, and Other Stories.* By Lady Lindsay. (London and Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.)

about her personages, and perhaps she does not always realise how little of her knowledge she has imparted to the reader.

It will be interesting to watch for the next work of a writer so singularly able, brilliant, and keen of speech. It is a little ungrateful to think that the compound would be better for fewer plums and more pudding; or to speculate as to what “John Oliver Hobbes’s” style will be when she has exhausted (as she must in time exhaust) her epigrammatic generalisations about man and woman. The epigrams are always neat and often true, and to complain of a superabundance of point in an English story is to be indeed a captious critic. And yet, after all—

Life is not rounded in an epigram—
not even in the neatest.

C. B.

THACKERAY AT SCHOOL.

Like most of our public schools, the Charterhouse has its magazine. The *Greyfriar* is a handsome quarto, which both outside and in is more like one of the “art” monthlies than the famous *Microcosm* and *Etonian*, in which budding statesmen were wont to put forth their first leaves. And it differs, again, from most school magazines in its devotion to art rather than to literature, and also in being supported mainly by the contributions of those who are no longer scholars. Most of them are signed “O. C.,” which means “Old Carthusian.” The April number contains an article by one of these, Mr. G. S. Davies, which should carry its circulation far beyond school bounds. This is entitled “Thackeray as Carthusian,” and contains many interesting details regarding his school life, culled from the Charterhouse “bluebooks” and from the recollections of surviving schoolfellows; and it is copiously illustrated by facsimiles of sketches and verses executed by Thackeray while at school, and by drawings of the exterior and interior of “Penny’s House,” in which he spent the first half of his school life.

He was not very fortunate in his period, for he was one of the victims of Dr. Russell’s attempt to run the school on the cheap system invented by Dr. Bell, of Madras. The chief had only seven assistant masters for nearly five hundred boys; the rest of the teaching was done by “Præpositi,” chosen from a class of boys who occupied a kind of limbo between the fifth and sixth forms, and were called “Emeriti.” They did not keep very good order. “Dean Saunders told the tale of how Russell cried fiercely to a certain form which he found in uproar: ‘Where is your Præpositus?’ ‘Please, Sir, here he is’; and they fished the learned youth from under the form where he had been deposited for safety’s sake, lest he should mar the proceedings.” Dean Liddell sat alongside Thackeray in the fifth (or, as Russell called it, the second) form in 1826, and in a letter to Mr. Davies describes his neighbour as “very lazy in school-work.” “I recollect that we spent much—most—of our time in drawing. His handiwork was very superior to mine, and his humour exhibited itself at that time in burlesque representations and scenes from Shakspeare. I remember one—Macbeth as a butcher, brandishing two blood-reeking knives, and Lady Macbeth as the butcher’s wife, clapping him on the shoulder to encourage him in his bloody work.”

Thackeray passed into the sixth (first) form in the following year, but not via the “Emeriti,” who gained their proud position by learning the odes and epodes of Horace by heart. Mr. Davies possesses Thackeray’s school “Horace,” but its fine, unthumbed condition forbids the suspicion that anything was ever learnt by heart from it. In after life Thackeray accused Dean Liddell of ruining his chances of scholarship by doing his verses for him; but, as Mr. Davies remarks, there is little trace of a Liddell’s hand in the Latin “Sapphics,” a facsimile of the manuscript of which is given in the *Greyfriar*. Nor is there any evidence of divided authorship in the “Holyday Song—Aug. 1, 1826”—also given in facsimile—the phrasing of which is not less a promise of later achievements than is the delicate handwriting—

Now let us dance and sing,
While Carthusian bells do ring;
Joy twangs the fiddle-string,
And Freedom blows the flute.

Tiddle-dum and tiddle-di—
What a joke for you and I—
Dulce domum, let us cry—
Charterhouse adieu!

Purblind Cupid still must drag on
Some more days ere he can brag on
Killing game to fill a wagon,
And thy shooting-jacket too!

Yet, oh stay! thou beautiful sister
Who has caused heartburn and blister
To that paragon young mister,
Joseph Carne!

Queen of Beauty! Star of Harrow!
Thou hast shot thro’ heart and marrow,
And stricken Makepeace with thy arrow
In the head and brain.

And so on for yet another half-dozen stanzas does the happy schoolboy sing his “*Dulce domum*” of 1826; for, in spite of that oft-quoted letter of 1828—“There are but 370 [a decline of a hundred] in the school—I sometimes wish there were 369”—Mr. Davies thinks there is sufficient evidence that Thackeray was happy enough at the Charterhouse, and that the sigh in the letter has been taken too seriously. School was getting stale; he was getting to be a big fellow without imbibing any taste for sixth-form studies, and becoming impatient for the emancipation then so near at hand. Mr. Davies’ article should be read along with some of the earlier “Roundabout Papers,” in which Charterhouse days are recalled, notably the one called “Tunbridge Toys,” which is full of the experiences of his first year. Mr. Davies has been lucky enough to discover the gentleman who was monitor in Penny’s in 1822, and who was thus privileged to accord permission for that famous battle in which Venables (George Stovin Venables) damaged Thackeray’s nose. This gentleman does not remember what the fight was about, but knows that he stopped it because the nose did not stop bleeding, and that Venables, who lived until the other day to tell the story, was considered to have been the victor. Thackeray was the monitor’s fag, and six or seven years his junior.

As is well known, Thackeray frequently revisited the school in after days, making speeches on Founder’s Day and tipping the boys. On one occasion he brought his subscription to Havelock’s monument, but, the hat not being sent round, the money was characteristically scattered in a golden and silver shower of tips. The news that “Thackeray had been on Green distributing sovereigns, but that he had got down to shillings now” reached the little boys’ room. “So we went forth [writes Mr. Davies], and placed ourselves in the great man’s way. . . . But the silver shower had ceased, and the hands were both thrust deep into empty pockets. We took nothing.” Thackeray must have been very sorry for them. Does he not say somewhere: “It is all very well, my dear Sir, to say that boys contract habits of expecting tips; that they become avaricious, and so forth. Fudge! Boys contract habits of tart and toffee-eating, which they do not carry into after life. On the contrary, I wish I did like tarts and toffee.”

J. D. C.

A VOYAGE TO LISBON.

Fielding’s *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, with introduction and notes by Austin Dobson (Whittingham and Co., Chiswick Press), opens a series of reprints which promise to be unsurpassed in this country as models of typographical elegance. More beautiful type and more satisfactory paper will not easily be found; and it is not one of the least charms of a charming book to be, with all its beauty, perfectly simple and plain, and free from every taint of over-daintiness or mere luxuriousness. The selection of the “Voyage to Lisbon” as the opening volume of these “Chiswick Press Editions” is also a very fortunate one, or open, at most, to the criticism that it will hardly be possible to find an equally recommendable successor. There are abundance of old books richly deserving to be reprinted, but not many that unite an equal adaptability in point of size with equal claim to the rank of an English classic on a topic which is in the happy situation of being known neither too little nor too much. Everybody knows that Fielding’s remains lie in the English cemetery at Lisbon; few have any conception what cheerful courage, what heroic endurance, what crosses and hindrances incredible in an age of steam it needed to transfer the dying humorist from the Thames to the Tagus. This record of misery is one of the most diverting books in our language, equal in point and vividness to the best passages in the author’s novels and with a very peculiar undercurrent of subtle humour, more entertaining than set jocularity. The only drawback is the occasional occurrence of a tiresome digression, a literary fashion of Fielding’s day. Mr. Austin Dobson has done his work as might be expected from an editor steeped in his author, and one whose sleepless vigilance and stubborn industry are not the qualities that would *primâ facie* have been expected in a witty and fanciful poet.

BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

Jules Bastien-Lepage and his Art. By André Theuriot. (Fisher Unwin.)—There is very little of even personal interest aroused by M. Theuriot’s simple story of his friend’s life. The clever artist whose career was closed so prematurely cared little for the world, and even after he had made his mark he turned with pleasure to the little village of Damvillers, on the banks of the Meuse, which Joan of Arc had made famous. His father, Bastien, a peasant proprietor, and his grandfather, Lepage, who had held small posts under the Government, were both men of singular simplicity and uprightness, and to these qualities Madame Bastien added the trustful devotion of a mother who was ready to make every sacrifice to advance her son’s wishes. Brought up under the best home influences, Jules Bastien-Lepage was perhaps better equipped for the trials of an artist’s apprenticeship in Paris than many who have to run the gauntlet through its dangers. Moreover, his simple tastes and intense love of truth and nature were a protection against the unrest and unreality of modern life in a capital; while, at the same time, they were to determine the lines on which his talent was to be developed. Born in 1848, he remained at home or at school until 1867, when he was sent to Paris to serve as a supernumerary clerk in the Post Office, on the understanding that he might also follow a course of study at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Six months of this double existence proved its impossibility, and art claimed his undivided allegiance. By help of a small pension from the Departmental authorities, he managed to make the allowance from his parents suffice, and, having entered Cabanel’s studio, he sent his first picture to the Salon in 1870. During the war he enlisted as a volunteer, and was somewhat seriously hurt while serving in the trenches. On the opening of communication with the outer world he dragged himself to Damvillers, returning to Paris in 1872, where for a while he supported himself by painting fans and making designs in the style of Watteau. Two years later his portrait of his grandfather seated in a wicker chair in his little garden suddenly revealed to the public the existence of an artist hitherto unknown, but endowed with qualities which challenged the attention alike of the wise and foolish in matters of art. The “moderns” had asserted themselves, and the “Pleinairists” were justified by their most uncompromising adherent. In the following year “La Communiante,” an awkward village girl in a starched white veil, confirmed the impression he had already made. Happily for himself and his art, he escaped the Prix de Rome. He had learnt his business in Paris and his art in the fields and on the coteaux of the Meuse, and he wisely determined to draw his subjects from the source he could best understand. His studies of peasant life followed in rapid succession, and on these his claim to fame will rest; although it must be admitted that many of his portraits, especially that of Madame Sarah Bernhardt, exhibit qualities which place Bastien on a pedestal by himself. Of his outdoor scenes, “Les Foins” (1878), in which, as was said, one could smell the hay, and “La Récolte des Pommes-de-terre” (1879) will probably be reckoned his most masterly productions. His “Jeanne d’Arc écoutant les Voix” (1880) was a failure on account of the artist’s strange whim to give a bodily representation to the voices calling to Jeanne from among the trees in the orchard; while “L’Amour au Village” (1883), perhaps the most original of his conceptions, was too energetic in expression to suit the taste of all but the most “modern.” Before the picture was finished the fatal disease to which he fell a victim eighteen months later had seized him. His mother hastened to him; she took him to Algiers, to Spain, and, finally, brought him back to Paris, where he died on Dec. 10, 1884, having just completed his thirty-sixth year.

It is to be regretted that no reference is made in this volume to Bastien-Lepage’s visit to England, where he was cordially received by English artists, who could appreciate the thoroughness of his work. A characteristic story is told of him on this occasion, which shows how readily his heart, even in the midst of refinement, turned to his peasant life. At a breakfast given in his honour by the President of the Royal Academy, he for a time seemed constrained and ill at ease, until his neighbour at table—an Associate, whose pictures of peasant life, especially in Holland, are well known—turned to him and began talking in true provincial dialect of Eastern France. Bastien-Lepage at once caught the sympathetic note, and during the rest of the meal delighted his entertainer and his friends by stories of his village life and his enthusiasm for rustic surroundings.

The volume contains, in addition to M. Theuriot’s friendly record of Bastien’s life, an appreciation of his talent as an artist by M. George Clausen, and a quaint, querulous protest against his influence by Mr. Walter Sickert, who claims for Keene and Millet, Whistler and Degas the title of inspired executants, and dubs them the masters of the modern school, while he can accord to Bastien-Lepage no higher title than that of a meritorious workman. The volume is handsomely printed and illustrated by portraits and reproductions of Bastien-Lepage’s and Marie Bashkirtseff’s works. Of the latter unwholesome production of hothouse civilisation there is a notice by Miss Mathilde Blind—wholly unnecessary in its present place—for the Russian girl’s infatuation was a meaningless accident in the French artist’s life.

THE ARTS AND LETTERS CLUB.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

Some years ago a spirited firm of French publishers were issuing what was, perhaps, the most elegant art serial ever brought out, which was styled "Arts and Letters." Like a precocious child, it proved to be "too good to live," and ran but a short time. Its name, however, has been passed on to a new club just opened in the rather sombre old Grafton Street, and which proposes to unite poetry, music, authorship, and the drama in pleasant fraternity and heterogeneous company. Some of the older clubs, such as the Athenæum and Garrick and "The Arts Club," have also had this laudable aim in view.

This theory, however—to wit, that the arts are hungering to unite with each other, and that poets and authors and painters are longing to "lie down" together, in the smoking-rooms and libraries—is, I suspect, rather an illusion. At the leading old-established club devoted to letters and bishops, it may be seen that the painters herd together, as do the bishops, infidels, and others. The wine of authorship does not mix with the oil of the painter—and very reasonably, too. The painter cannot "talk shop" with the author. The author has no interest in a sale at Christie's, or in the candidature for the next A.R.A. And it is so at the Garrick. "Shop" is the one link that makes the world akin, and actors talk their "shop" to other actors.

There is a particular interest, however, in wandering through the fine rooms of the old house—it is No. 4—which, we are assured by the prospectus, has "acquired such rich historical associations as the town residence of the late Lord Brougham." No one nowadays much troubles himself with the associations, "rich" or other, connected with this rather self-seeking politician; but as I stood in his study, now the morning room, I recalled that characteristic touch of his insidious friend, Jack Campbell, who describes a visit to him here of one morning, over fifty years ago: when Brougham came rushing in, "Oh," he said with disappointment, "I thought it was Stanley!" The house is one of the best designed and most effective of the works of those graceful architects the brothers Adam. Every portion reveals their elegant touch. The staircase, with its fine flowing ironwork, soars upwards to the very roof, and leaves a sense of noble spaciousness; aloft is seen a sort of balcony, highly original in its effect. What used to be the dining-room displays recesses of hemicycle shape, with classical pillars. Everywhere is the delicate Adam's stucco-work and their elegant and correct chimney-pieces. Indeed, the works of these accomplished men always give pleasure and show a truly refined taste. We find here, by-the-way, the favourite device of the architects—namely, a double basement, such as is found at the Adelphi Terrace. Indeed, these designers have been somewhat neglected. An Adam's house is always suggestive, and will repay study. Lately, sitting in a balcony, of a summer's evening, at the entrance of Portland Place, I was struck by the fine, "well grad'd" perspective of the "Place" itself and of the picturesque lines of building that converged on the Park entrance.

The aims of this new artistic club are a little indistinct and, perhaps, slightly Utopian, for it professes to be founded for the associating together "gentlemen directly or indirectly interested in all branches of arts, literature, science, and the liberal professions," a wholesale category that would admit anybody. Further, a person who is "indirectly" connected with arts or letters might really know little of arts or letters; witness a publisher or a print-seller. A picture-dealer, or even a frame-maker, might thus have claims to entrance. How, too, is a club to "widely contribute" to the development and cultivation of the same? True, we learn how the two drawing-rooms have been made into one, and "it will be one of the committee's chief aims to introduce new and rising talent to the notice of the members; and it may be hoped by this means to facilitate the obtention of a public hearing by gifted musicians, actors, elocutionists, &c., who lack pecuniary means or private influence wherewith to assert their claims to popularity. Conversazioni, in arranging the performances of which this object will be kept steadfastly in view, will be given frequently; and to these entertainments, as well as to the concerts, afternoon and evening receptions, &c., which will take place from time to time, each member of the club will be privileged to invite a certain number of friends, ladies or gentlemen. It is proposed to exhibit in the reception-rooms works of art executed by members of the club." Here, we fear, is yet another illusion, well meant, no doubt. What will

come of "introducing rising talent to the notice of the members," save that these same members may hope to draw them to their houses on purely gratuitous terms? And how will this facilitate "the obtention of a public hearing" by "gifted musicians, actors, &c."? Obtention is good. Still, everything is well meant and well done. Sir Edwin Arnold and other men of light and leading are on the committee, so let us hope that the scheme has "caught on," and will secure "the obtention" of a public hearing. Anything that will "soften manners" and lead to a better appreciation of artistic things deserves welcome, and the good old mansion itself will, no doubt, furnish "a liberal education." We must all, therefore, wish the new "Arts and Letters Club" a prosperous course, and an abundance of members, both "town" and "country."

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

No subject exacts more delicate handling than missionary labour. Well carried out, it is noble work—work that the best of men have been engaged in and have died for; and it is so dear to the hearts of countless thousands of good people that to hint at imperfection anywhere is almost a cruelty, and is sure to be resented here and there as a kind of wickedness. Yet Livingstone, himself one of the greatest missionaries that ever existed, did not scruple to avow that the work in which he spent his life fell into bad hands sometimes, and was not

"the Protestant party" and "the Catholic party" when he describes the fighting on islands off the shore of Uganda.

To whomsoever this news has made qualmish, a certain means of relief may be recommended. This is the time of year when a very good sort of home missionaries, in the guise of city parsons, are busy with schemes for turning poor children out of their wretched courts and alleys into the sweet air and sweet scenes of the country for a week or two, and, as it happens, there is a special and particular reason for bestowing this great charity on as many children as possible while the summer of 1892 lasts. And this is the reason. At present there is no ground for fearing that the cholera which is ravaging Russia, and has appeared in countries nearer home, will settle upon England. But some cases may be heard of before another summer comes round; and, should that unfortunately happen, most villages will be shy of taking these poor East-End children into their bosoms for the customary fortnight next year. Isn't that worth considering and providing for?

Any gentleman who was asked whether he would take five shillings to further the intercourse of some unknown man with a woman equally a stranger to him, would probably feel deeply offended. He might even be angry enough to knock down the person who made him such an offer. If, having done

so, he was brought before a police-magistrate and charged with assault, there isn't a newspaper in England that would not bristle with indignation at the prosecutor's audacity, or fail to applaud the prisoner's prompt resentment of what, no doubt, would be called an atrocious insult. And so it would be—nothing less; and we should all commend the wrath of the Press and feel more proud of it than ever. And yet it is possible to find such advertisements as the following in the most respectable of London newspapers—

ALBERT ROAD, Saturday.—If the Lady in Blue dress will communicate with the gentleman who offered to carry her bag, she will hear of something to her advantage.—Col. H., care of, &c.

GAITY GRILL-ROOM.—Will the Lady in straw hat who lunched on Saturday communicate with Gentleman opposite at next table?

Of course it never occurs to the publishers of advertisements like these that they do in effect constitute themselves "go-betweens," and go-betweens of not the highest order. But if they think the matter over they will see that that really is their position, and regret that their attention was not called to it before.

Proceedings in Bankruptcy have been remarkable of late for the number of company-promoters who have come to grief; the examination of most of these gentlemen going to show how well stocked the profession was with persons of no commercial standing, no original means, nothing in particular to "promote," and yet not unblest

with success in handling tens of thousands of pounds, the moneys of a trusting public. "Company-promoter" is a suspicious title to take, but it was generally understood to designate a very shrewd, well equipped, well-known sort of City person, in whose judgment other shrewd City persons had confidence. Luckily, it is no secret now that anybody may be a company-promoter by the aid of some impudence, an unembarrassing sense of honesty, a petty clerk's training, a talent for confederacy, and, perhaps, half-a-dozen ten-pound notes. Again and again such persons come up to the Bankruptcy Court to explain what nobodies they were when they started, and how destitute of everything but "plenty brains"; how many companies of their promotion never paid a dividend, how difficult it is to tell what becomes of subscriptions (except that they are in no case returned), and how glad they will be to get rid of their twenty, thirty, forty thousand pounds of debt, which the slackness of company-mongering neither allows them a chance of paying off nor of adding to. We are not to credit everything that is said of people, even when they are bogus company-promoters in trouble: but it is quite believed in commercial circles that most of the fraternity are very comfortable even though they are made bankrupts. They have usually their snug little provisions and storages, which when we consider, and then think of the havoc these gentlemen make in hosts of poor families, it seems reasonable to wish for the introduction of some comparatively mild Chinese punishment for their special benefit: the cangue, perhaps. However, they are showing up very beautifully just now, and the result should be no more company "booming" for a long time to come.



ENTRANCE TO THE ARTS AND LETTERS CLUB.

always honourably done; and no one who looks on missionary enterprise as a means, and the propagation of the religion of charity and peace as the end, can blame Livingstone or anybody else for crying out a little when the means, or, rather, its agents, seem to be at fault? But among the many thousands of those who are solicitous for the diffusion of Christian doctrine in barbarian lands, who needs to be taught uneasiness after reading the reports that come from the missionary stations in Uganda? It is impossible to read them without uneasiness; and the feeling must be deepest where devotion to mission work is most enlightened and most pure. At home we pride ourselves on having got rid of the fanatical sentiments that made enemies of Catholic and Protestant for many a generation, and that led to burnings and proscriptions and all manner of stupid cruelties. And now what do we see but the reappearance of these hostile sentiments with the very first teachings of Christianity in a savage land, where "toleration" is no more understood, probably, than it was among ourselves two centuries ago! How this state of things arose in Uganda we don't know with certainty. Who is most to blame for its origin, or whether the fault is all on one side or on neither side, is no subject for discussion here. But, however those questions may be decided, there is the melancholy fact that we have Catholic and Protestant missionaries accusing each other of inciting their converts to bloodguilty feuds about which there is no doubt at all. The Catholic missionaries were first in the field with accusations of the most violent and incredible character. On the other side we have an English Church missionary who, after declaring that the troubles began with Catholic aggression by fire and sword, reveals his own view of the subsequent state of things by speaking of



1. Playing up the colours, 8 a.m.

2. A "Cerberus" in the Gun-room on Saturday night.

3. Taking up the "dops."

4. Mails for the Fleet: Sorting letters in the Flag-ship.

5. Pay-Day.

6. In the Sick-bay.

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition of the works of the students in the various art training schools throughout the country, now to be seen at the South Kensington Museum, is the most apparent result of the £50,000 expended on art-training out of the national taxes. Upwards of a million persons of both sexes attend the 893 schools which are organised under the direction of the Science and Art Department. From these more than one hundred thousand works are sent in for the annual competition, and about one in twenty-five of these is adjudged worthy of being exhibited at South Kensington. Painting, sculpture, design, and modelling are represented, and rewarded by medals of different value; and among those of highest distinction—gold medals—seven out of twelve are carried off by lady students.

Miss Gertrude Bradley and Miss Winifred Smith, who obtain the highest awards in painting, show in their work imagination, an even rarer quality than careful drawing; while Miss Roots' design for a mosaic pavement shows the still greater gift of independent thought and freedom from conventional restraint. Mr. William Unwin's study from the nude is not only vigorous but graceful, and well deserves the high praise accorded to it by the examiners. Perhaps the work of the Birmingham school, taken by itself, is the most interesting from all points of view; the skill in the art of design exhibited by so many of the pupils in various branches reflecting the highest credit upon the system of training adopted and raising the hope that England will not be left in the rear by foreign nations in the application of art to industry.

It is not satisfactory to find from the examiners' report—which, by-the-way, is a most interesting commentary upon the state of art-feeling and art-study in the country—that the cloud which rested upon the teaching at the South Kensington School is still unlifted. Not only does it take rank after Birmingham, Leicester, and Manchester in the number of medals awarded, but its 650 pupils can scarcely hold their own against Canterbury and Clapham, with 80 and 220 pupils respectively. In the words of the examiners, the paintings from the draped figure "reflect no credit on the school"; the designs for wall-papers are "unworthy of any award"; and the drawings of heads "decidedly poor." This is the verdict passed by a competent body of experts, chosen without regard to any special bias in favour of any particular system of art training; and from the specimens now being exhibited at the South Kensington Museum we can fully endorse it. The advantages which the South Kensington pupils enjoy, and the cost at which they are procured, should produce some better results, but it looks as if the London art students were either mere dilettanti—and consequently not fitting objects of a State subvention—or else that the system of teaching requires radical change.

So long as the National Portrait Gallery remains unfinished, the annual additions must remain unseen by the public. But it is now hoped that before the close of another year the indefatigable keeper, Mr. George Scharf, may be busy at the work of hanging his treasures brought back from Bethnal Green, as well as those which have been accumulating in Great George Street. It would not be safe to foretell the date when the new Portrait Gallery will be open to the public, for the task of hanging five hundred pictures with proper regard for period and effect is by no means an easy one; but all who have watched the growth of our national collection will admit that its arrangement in its new home should not be confided to less competent hands. It is, therefore, gratifying to find from the report just issued that arrangements have been made by which Mr. Scharf's invaluable services can be retained, notwithstanding the fact that he has reached the limit of age laid down for public officials.

Of the four great religious buildings of Portugal—Belem, Coimbra, Thomar, and Batalha—the last-named, notwithstanding its incompleteness and partial destruction, still ranks as one of the most splendid specimens of Gothic architecture in Southern Europe. Strangely enough, the country which was to see the bitterest antagonism between Goths and Moors shows in its buildings devoted to Christian uses that artistic influence could rise above racial antipathy. Batalha, begun in 1388, but never finished, in the last century attracted the notice of Murphy, "the illustrator of the Alhambra"; but his book is now out of date, and the illustrations hardly gave a fair idea of the finest of the churches of Portugal. It is, therefore, with great satisfaction that we welcome the appearance of the Visconde de Condeixa's handsome monograph, *O Mosteiro da Batalha* (Gomes, Lisbon), written in both Portuguese and French, and profusely illustrated with heliogravures, which convey an accurate idea of the chief features of the building. He describes the successive development of the block of buildings which were destined to serve as the mausoleum of the royal family, the seat of the most powerful of the religious orders, and a place of worship of more than ordinary splendour. The Visconde de Condeixa, however, does not attempt to solve some of the difficulties which surround the tomb of Dom João I. and his Queen, Philippa, who are represented in the unusual attitude of holding one another's hand; nor does he satisfactorily clear up the meaning of the motto "*Tanias erey*," frequently repeated in the ornamentation of the Capella Imperfeita, and also to be found on the walls of the church at Belem. He has, however, brought a vast amount of research to bear upon the circumstances under which the various portions of the building were erected, and he seems to have established with something like probability the introduction of the French influence through Maître Huguet—whose name has been varied to Aquete or Hacket, according to the nationality of his biographer—a French mason, who had probably been employed at Famagusta, in Cyprus, but was even more directly inspired by that *chef d'œuvre* of French Gothic architecture, the Sainte Chapelle at Paris. The relation between this building and the later work at Batalha is the most original feature of Senhor de Condeixa's work; but, at the same time, an Englishman cannot fail to be struck with the architectural analogy of York Minster with the ground plan and elevation of Batalha.

This volume, brought out in a sumptuous form and profusely illustrated, appeals in the first instance to architects and students of architecture, but it should also arouse an interest in the wider circle of travellers to whom the public buildings of Portugal are but little known. The country is one that has scarcely received the attention it deserves, and perhaps the Portuguese authorities have in a measure to thank themselves for this neglect of their art treasures. The difficulty of finding funds to keep in repair historic monuments has been felt in Portugal more severely than elsewhere; but it is to be hoped that a revival of national interest—as evidenced by this work—may induce private individuals to undertake what the Government is powerless to do.

It was by inadvertence that in last week's notes a statement appeared which suggested that the early portrait of Mrs. Siddons, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, formed part of the Hamilton bequest.

THE "IFS" OF HISTORY.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It is, or once was, a favourite plan of examiners to ask, "What would have been the consequences if such-and-such an event had not occurred?" Scope was thus given to the historical imagination, and a man could show both knowledge and fancy. In our own lives we know how much hangs on trifles. You take one side of a street, and miss a fortune or an affection, which might have been yours had you taken the other side. You neglect to answer a letter, you pick up an old lady who has been run over by a cab—nay, you look up and see your Fate, instead of looking down and missing her—and all your life is altered. So it is, too, in the history of nations. Suppose the King had not halted at Varennes; suppose James's nose had not bled at Salisbury; suppose somebody, whose name I forget, had done as he proposed to do at Queen Anne's death; suppose the Medes had won at Marathon or the Saracens at Tours, or Hasdrubal at the Metaurus; suppose that Napoleon had not suffered from indigestion at Waterloo, or that Grouchy had not misinterpreted his orders—and where is History? Nay, take a case on which we cannot dwell, and which suggests reflections which everyone can make for himself. Suppose a certain Roman governor had been an honest man!

There is a kind of fanciful pleasure in answering these problems; but, on the whole, would the turn of a straw, which seemed to be so momentous, have made much difference? We know how our character shapes our lives, and we doubt whether accident is so potent, after all. Say you meet the wrong Fate, and marry unhappily. Would you have been luckier with another Fate? Say you miss a fortune by a slight neglect. Has not your whole career been a series of slight neglects? You take up a tract, and are converted; or you have a vision, like Colonel Gardiner or Pascal. I am certain that Colonel Gardiner's conversion had long been ripening: one day or another the vision would have come, whether he was waiting for that particular lady or for another. If not that tract, some other tract would have produced its results: you were maturing for that psychological alteration. If we apply this idea to national instead of individual life, it may appear that the accidents were not so very momentous. Say that the French King had reached the frontier. *Tant mieux pour lui*, but the Revolution would have gone on. Say that Grouchy had "come up," and that Napoleon had been well. We and the united Continent were not so near the end of our resources as France was; we should still have beaten the Corsican on another field. Besides, Grouchy's blunder was not an accident. It was part of a habit of missing chances, which had sprung up in the French army ever since the defeats in the Peninsula, themselves consequent on Napoleon's undertaking too much, even for him. Say the Persians had won at Marathon. Could they have held Greece, as they held the Ionians, so that Greek civilisation would have expired? In all probability, that was quite impossible for Persia. For once, in spite of oligarchs and jealousies, Hellas would have been united in resistance; she might even have gained by the struggle. Say that Carthage had supported Hannibal, and had allied herself with Philip of Macedon. They could not have held Italy; they could not have reduced Rome to a village, and imposed a new civilisation on the world. Had Edward II. been Edward I., Bannockburn would have been lost; but you could no more subdue Scotland than we can hold Afghanistan. If Charles had marched on London from Derby, if the Welsh squires had come in, and if the English Jacobites had been true-hearted, still, in a very few years James and his priests would have been sent packing again. History would have gained a romantic page, but England would be much what she is at present. The King would not have had a better chance than Louis XVIII. and Charles X.: he would have squandered his opportunities as readily. Had the Armada landed her men, England would have suffered, but few of the invaders would have seen Spain again. Had Charles Martel been defeated, the Saracens, in the long run, would have met the fate of their countrymen in Spain. The movement of the world may be deferred, but not actually diverted. The great stress of national character and circumstance is stronger than any accident of war. In the council at Derby, whatever opinion prevailed, to advance or to retreat, it could not alter the causes which made for Protestantism and commercial life, as opposed to Catholicism and the patriarchal Highland ideal.

This way of looking at history robs it of romance to some extent, and, I fear, encourages political fatalism. What can we do against a great tidal wave of influence, rising far away in the depths of the past and sweeping gradually up and breaking on us? Well, we can do what we may; we can modify the impact of the wave, we can adapt ourselves to its lift and stress. Or, we can decline to recognise it. England was fated to absorb Scotland, to a great extent; but she struggled so well, and refused so long to obey destiny in one particular form, that another and honourable form at last overtook her. She was not dragged under by the swell, but rode cocking on the crest of the tide. It is something to recognise that we are not slaves of the turn of a straw, but are obedient to wide and probably salutary laws. King James might have come to his own again once if his friends had not stopped for the other glass at a tavern. Yes, but they were always stopping for that other glass. That was the general rule of their natures, and the constitution of things was against it and them. It was not merely the one extra tass of brandy that did the business.

A scheme for the purchase of the Alexandra Palace and lands, at Muswell Hill, by the Middlesex County Council, at the price of £275,000, has been accepted provisionally by the London Financial Association, the present owners of that property, in accordance with the agreement made by Mr. Littler, Q.C., Chairman of the County Council; but it will require an Act of Parliament to be passed before March 25 next year, which failed last session.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Anything in the way of research which can be supposed to throw light on the nature and origin of that fell disease, cancer, is, of course, to be eagerly welcomed, and will be perused with interest by a circle of readers extending far beyond the confines of professional life. Hence, it is interesting to notice the publication of a preliminary note on the occurrence in cancerous growths of parasites, presumably belonging to the lowest orders of animal life, collectively known as the Protozoa. The observations in question have been made by Drs. Ruffer and Walker. Cancer has always been something of a mystery to science. It is known to invade human tissues, to spread and to grow, to attack some organs and some races and to avoid others, and yet the microscope has hitherto failed to show us any adequate cause for the disease. Certainly, we can say with truth that cancerous growths of all kinds have been searched through and through for evidences of the existence in these growths of any specific germs, to the multiplication of which the cancer could be supposed to be due. This search has been unsuccessful, and so, while we are waiting for more light, the observations of Messrs. Ruffer and Walker come before us as suggestive and important. It may be that they will fail to lead us to the object of our quest, but the authors state distinctly that their communication is a "preliminary note" only, and nothing more. They wisely leave the future of their researches to the criticism of other observers and to their own further and more extended observations.

While the idea of the parasitic nature of cancer had been mooted before, Messrs. Ruffer and Walker claim the credit of being the first to direct attention to the definite occurrence of parasitic-like bodies in connection with the disease. Dr. Metschnikoff, a very high authority on microscopical work, especially in relation to germs and to the white cells or "leucocytes" which act as a sanitary police in our bodies, has confirmed the observations of the English scientists. The parasites of cancer can be easily stained with aniline dyes. They are not to be found in the natural tissues or cells of the body, and they are not known to occur in other diseased states. Each parasite consists of a central particle or "nucleus"; around this there is living matter or protoplasm, and from the central part fine rays or projections of the living matter extend outward, and end in the rounded wall or outline of the parasite. If these rays are real things, and not produced as the result of the staining of the tissues, and if, moreover, there was no rounded wall or outline, I should say the parasite would forcibly suggest a likeness to the animalcules of which the annæba of the pools and ditches is the type. Messrs. Ruffer and Walker apparently suggest as much, though they carefully abstain from expressing any opinion as to the exact nature of the bodies they have discovered.

Inside the parasites dark particles are seen, sometimes connected by a kind of network. Separate from the parasite is a double-cell wall, and this boundary is never absent. The size of these parasites varies, but we are told that, as they grow inside the cells of the cancerous growth in which alone they are found, they distend the cells, so that the latter may become twice or thrice their original size. Within one cell, more than one parasitic guest may be contained; and if several cells coalesce, their contained parasites will also become fused into one mass. The general effect of these parasites is to cause degeneration of the cells. Outside the cancer-cells, it is probable the parasites exhibit some other form; as yet, this latter form remains undescribed. In greatest numbers, they occur at the growing edge of the cancerous mass, and, as I have hinted, when a cell has a parasite within it, that cell decays and the neighbouring cells multiply. Again, the leucocytes, or white cells of the body, are seen to enter the cells and to attack the parasites, which is in its way a kind of guarantee that the parasites are intruders into the human domain. What the exact relation of the parasites is to the cancer-growth remains, of course, for future investigation. It may be, indeed, that they represent the real cause of the disease, destroying the cells and stimulating to new growths, which they will, in turn, themselves, or their progeny, occupy. However that may be, such researches will be heard of with interest by civilised mankind, if only because of the attempt of science to grapple with the causes of one of the most baneful ailments that can afflict the sons of men.

When we think of anything, in what do we think of it? In words, or symbols, or images? I suppose most of us think in images or concepts visualised in our brains. When a friend's name is mentioned a concept of the friend is before us; we have got him in the mind's eye; and so I suppose it is with most things else in the way of thoughts. Recently I read an account in a Continental journal of the exhibition given in Paris by Jacques Inaudi, who may fairly lay claim to the title of being *facile princeps* the "calculating man." Inaudi has been the subject of examination by the French Academy of Sciences, but Broca had already examined him when he was twelve years old—that is, in 1879. Of Inaudi, Broca said, he had the extraordinary numbers with which he dealt "in his head." He could neither read nor write, but learnt the numbers from his brother. Inaudi accomplishes feats of an almost unparalleled kind in the way of instant calculations. We are told he begins at the left hand of a sum in addition, and subtracts in the same way, doing a sum of twenty figures in a moment. When he multiplies, he is said to carry out his work as follows: To multiply 834 by 36, he would multiply 800 by 30, then 800 by 6, then 30 by 36, and 4 by 36, adding up his totals to get 30,024.

Another method gives him a square root at once, and he gave the cube of 27 in less than six seconds. This extraordinary individual, born of a Piedmontese peasant father and mother, seems to illustrate not only a very prodigious figure-memory, but, I would add, a power of mentally projecting before him the results of his work. He is said to be defective in other phases of memory, however; but it is worthy of remark, in opposition to the idea that he sees the figures as on a kind of mental blackboard, that Inaudi denies this. He declares he does not see the figures, but depends on sound—that is, memory of hearing. He remembers the numbers he hears, in other words; but it is surely difficult to figure to oneself a memory of heard numbers apart utterly from visual concepts of them. He did not know numbers by sight till he was twenty years old; everything before that was registered, so to speak, by his hearing-centres. Inaudi is, of course, not the only "calculating man" whom science knows or has known. There have been described several notable examples of such phenomenal persons, who, however, appear to have arrived at their results after a fashion different from that noted in the case of the Piedmontese wonder. If Inaudi visits London, his séances will, I fancy, be largely attended by all who feel interested in brainwork of an extraordinary kind.

RECONSTRUCTION OF BARTON AQUEDUCT OVER THE IRWELL, FOR THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.



THE PRESENT BARTON AQUEDUCT.



DISTANT VIEW OF BARTON NEW SWING AQUEDUCT.

A hundred and thirty-two years ago, when the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal was being constructed for the transport of coal from his pits at Worsley to Manchester, it encountered a serious difficulty. This was the river Irwell, which the canal had to cross at a point a few miles below Manchester. If the canal had approached the river at its own level, the obstacle would not have been so important. But the surface of the canal was 39 ft. above the level of the Irwell, owing to the contour of the country. It was no easy problem to get the boats across the river without the necessity of locking them down one bank, floating them across to the opposite side, and then locking them up again at that side to the same level they started from; and many people advised this as the best, indeed the only plan.

Brindley, the engineer of the undertaking, working at wages which labourers of the present day would almost disdain to take, proposed to carry the canal over the river, at the same level, on an aqueduct, so that the tedious method of locking the boats might be obviated. The proposal, at that time, was called idiotic; no such work having been undertaken in this country, though abroad there were several examples. Brindley was scouted as a madman. One eminent engineer, to whom the proposal was submitted, ridiculed the idea, and finished the report by remarking "he had often heard of 'castles in the air,' but he had never known a place where they could be built." Thanks, however, to the foresight and good sense of the Duke, Brindley was allowed to proceed and to construct what is known as "The Barton Aqueduct," which has been the wonder of thousands, and which, after more than a century, is still uninjured, serving its purpose as well as of yore. From that time the odd sight might be witnessed of boats in the canal passing over others navigating the river below.

Although time has been unable to demolish this structure, the hand of man has now to destroy it in the gigantic preparations for the completion of the Manchester Ship Canal, which passes through Barton, making use of the old bed of the river Irwell, the channel being, of course, widened and deepened. All immovable bridges spanning the Ship Canal must have a clear height of from 70 ft. to 80 ft. from the surface of the canal to allow vessels to pass under them. The present Barton Aqueduct would therefore be an obstruction to the navigation of the Ship Canal, as it is only some 39 ft. high. If the canal aqueduct were raised to the required height, to allow steamers on the Ship Canal to pass under it,

the boats navigating it would have to be locked up about 40 ft., and down again to the same depth, when they reach the other side. This would be far too tedious a process. Some other method had to be resorted to; but the traffic across the old aqueduct was not to be interfered with till the new one was ready to receive it.



VIEW ON TOP OF BARTON AQUEDUCT.

In order to overcome all these difficulties, the engineers proposed that the new aqueduct should be pivoted on its centre, and should be capable of being turned, so as to allow a free passage to steamers and other vessels on the Ship Canal; this arrangement is now being carried out. When the

aqueduct has to be revolved, the water will be shut into the canal at each end, and also into the swinging portion; then the whole will be turned parallel with the direction of the canal. When the vessel has passed, the aqueduct will be swung back again, and the water communication reopened at both ends.

One of our Illustrations shows this new aqueduct in course of construction, the view being taken from the bed of the Ship Canal, showing the arches of the old aqueduct, still in use, and through them may be seen the scaffolding on which is being constructed the swing road-bridge which is to replace the old fixed arched bridge now already demolished, a temporary wooden one having replaced it for present use. The pier of concrete and stone on which the new aqueduct rests will be in the centre of the Ship Canal when all the excavating is completed, the earth to the left of this pier having to be removed to complete the canal.

What would our ancestors of Brindley's time have said to a proposal to swing a portion of the upper canal round, like a movable bridge, in order to allow a vessel on a canal situated lower to pass by? We may be sure that they were more astonished by Brindley's scheme, in their time, than any people of the present day can be at any engineering feat, since we are becoming accustomed to the greatest novelties.

The Bridgewater Canal—which, curiously enough, thus justifies its name by actually bridging another water—is, indeed, a remarkable work for the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1760, when it was commenced, the entire annual value of the Lancashire cotton manufacture, then all done by hand, was but £200,000. Worsley Hall, a fine Tudor-style mansion with beautiful gardens, five miles below Manchester, the seat of the Earl of Ellesmere, was the abode of Francis, third and last Duke of Bridgewater, who, having been rejected by the gay Duchess of Hamilton because he was not rich enough for her to marry, wisely resolved to make wealth by a noble and useful enterprise. He took counsel first with his steward, John Gilbert, and next with James Brindley, the engineer. They planned this canal for barges to ride over the low marsh-meadows of the Irwell, after emerging through long tunnels in the sandstone cliff at Worsley, from the subterranean coal-mine, and so to carry fuel to the factories of Manchester and Bolton. It was subsequently extended far into Cheshire, and forms part of a complete system of inland navigation, connected with the Mersey, which will serve as a traffic-feeder to the new Ship Canal.



NEW SWING AQUEDUCT IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



NEW SWING ROAD BRIDGE.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.



MAJOR E. R. JONES (CARMARTHEN), G.

Born 1810, in Glamorganshire; was formerly in business and United States Consul at Cardiff; is an author and journalist, and editor of the *Shipping World*. Polled 2112, against 2187.



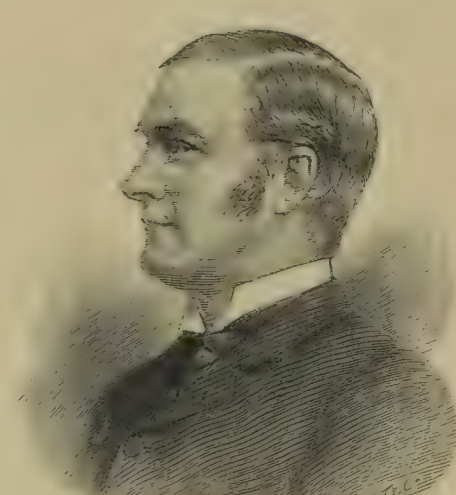
MR. H. S. FOSTER (LOWESTOFT), C.

Born 1855; educated at City of London School; is an accountant in Coleman Street; managing director of London and Colonial Finance Corporation; London County Council. Polled 5099, against 3909.



MR. E. WASON (AYRSHIRE, S.), G.

Born 1846, son of late Mr. Rigby Wason, M.P. for Ipswich; educated at Wadham College, Oxford; practised as barrister on Northern Circuit; Ayrshire county magistrate. Polled 6535, against 6338.



MR. C. B. RENSHAW (RENFREWSHIRE, W.), C.

Born 1848, son of late Mr. T. C. Renshaw, Q.C.; educated partly in Germany; is a carpet-manufacturer at Paisley; a county magistrate and county councillor. Polled 3773, against 3322.



MR. F. EDWARDS (RADNORSHIRE), G.

Born 1852, at the Hand Hotel, Llangollen; educated at Shrewsbury School and at Jesus College, Oxford; was admitted a solicitor, but has ceased to practise. Polled 1973, against 1740.



MR. C. H. SEELY (NOTTINGHAM, W.), U.L.

Born 1859, son of Colonel Seely, formerly M.P. for Nottingham; educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge (first class mathematics); colliery owner; Captain of Volunteers. Polled 5610, against 5309.



MR. C. E. COLSTON (THORNBURY), C.

Born 1854, son of late Mr. E. Colston, Roundway Park, Devizes; educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford; High Sheriff of Wilts, 1885; county magistrate. Polled 5202, against 4979.



RIGHT HON. J. T. HIBBERT (OLDHAM), G.

Born 1824; educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; was M.P. from 1877 to 1886, Secretary to Local Government Board, to Treasury, and to Admiralty. Polled 12,541, against 12,205.



MR. M. BODKIN (ROSCOMMON, N.), A.P.

Opposed to the Parnellite, Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, the former member, who served in the French army and in America, and was a special correspondent in the Soudan. Polled 3250, against 3198.



HON. J. SCOTT-MONTAGU (NEW FOREST), C.

Eldest son of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, formerly Lord Henry Scott, M.P.; nephew of Earl of Wharncliffe; educated at Eton and at New College, Oxford; has travelled widely. Polled 4481, against 3726.



MR. WHITTAKER (YORKS, SPEN VALLEY), G.

Born 1850, at Scarborough; educated at Huddersfield College; a journalist, author of magazine articles on economical questions; was member of Scarborough Corporation. Polled 4952, against 3474.



MR. EVERETT (SUFFOLK, WOODBRIDGE), G.

Born 1833; is a yeoman farmer in East Suffolk; member of Ipswich Corporation and School Board; county magistrate; Alderman of County Council. Polled 5223, against 4483.



MR. E. W. BYRNE, Q.C. (WALTHAMSTOW), C.

Born 1844; educated at King's College, London; called to the Bar in 1867; is a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn and a member of the Bar Committee. Polled 6115, against 4965.



MR. C. H. HOPWOOD (LANCS, MIDDLETON), G.

Born 1829; educated at King's College, London; Bencher of Middle Temple; Recorder of Liverpool since 1886; M.P. for Stockport to 1885. Polled 5389, against 5272.



MR. A. BILLSON (BARNSTAPLE, DEVON), G.

Born at Leicester; was admitted a solicitor in 1860; practises as one of the firm of Oliver Jones, Billson, and Co., Liverpool; magistrate for Liverpool. Polled 4383, against 4236.



MR. C. C. CONNOR (ANTRIM, N.), C.

Born 1842; educated at Belfast College, Queen's University; a flax-spinner in Belfast; Alderman and thrice Mayor of that city; Harbour Commissioner. Polled 4666, against 2027.



BANK HOLIDAY AT THE SEASIDE.

By C. H. McFALL.



BERLIN

T^O BUDA-PEST ON A BICYCLE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

IX.

We left Baireuth early on Monday morning. The exact sum set aside for "Tannhäuser" tickets we had, in the meantime, squandered on beautiful last-century beer-mugs, with animals or youths or maidens prancing over them in a delightful arrangement of colour, and with pewter stands and tops. We have nothing to regret. "Tannhäuser" might have been an afternoon's pleasure; the beer-mugs will be that hackneyed thing, a joy for ever—until they are broken.

From Baireuth to Erlangen the ride was uneventful, though delightful; that is, if I except the morning's flounder-



WEISSENBURG.

ing through the mud and the evening's arrival in Erlangen just in time to be caught in a pelting thunderstorm.

There is no question that the mud was awful—ugly, yellow, sticky mud, into which no self-respecting person would have fallen for worlds. It was so bad that for the first ten or twelve kilometres I saw nothing else except a most impressive regiment of Uhlans. We have, in our day, routed the Italian army completely, but the German cavalry invariably bore our charge without flinching. After the mud, however, we had our reward in the shape of a good road, of little villages full of white and grey cottages turning their huge gables to the street, where only the swarms of children were vile, and of the wooded hills and green valleys of the Franconian Switzerland—the second of the shams through which our travels led us. Like its Saxon rival, it was very pretty, and in one of the prettiest spots—at Beringersmühle—where four valleys meet and hills rise high on every side, we found a quiet little Gasthaus, with tables under the trees in the garden, and there we dined. A couple of youths on a walking tour had stopped for beer, a large family drove up in a carriage for coffee, people sauntered in and out. And there were more tourists on the way as we went on to, and beyond, Muggendorf: among them no visible foreigners save ourselves, while the large majority were the overfed, overblown women always to be seen at the seashore or in the mountains, whose one mission in life is to take their ease, and from whom you turn with relief and respect to the unsexed women at work in the fields. It got prettier and prettier as the afternoon went on. In some places the hills rose in steep bare rocks, in others they were crowned with old castles which faced each other across the valley. The villages, somehow, came together better, the deep brown roofs clustering about the church spire, enormous painted crucifixes standing in the street, and of these, the smaller the village the more plentiful was the supply. The peasants were getting in the hay, and the road was full of ox-teams, and women in bright

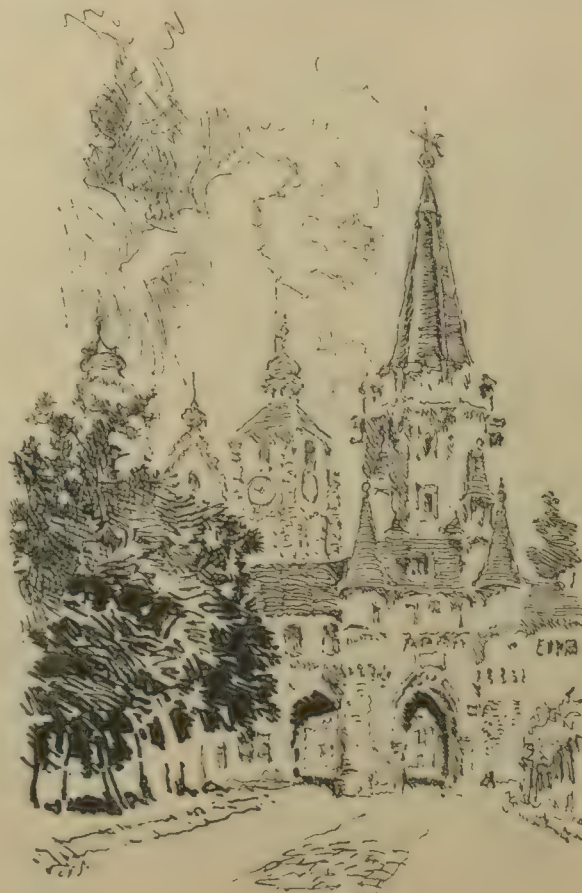


INGOLDSTADT.

red handkerchiefs and skirts. We were well out of Switzerland, however, by the time we reached Fureheim, with its rows of hideous new German villas and its fine old marketplace, and most turned into kitchen garden; and from here to Erlangen was a long stretch of good level road, with many pine woods on either side. And then, as I have said, down came the rain, and another soaking was the price we paid for having ventured to enjoy ourselves.

Erlangen is a University town. We saw the photographs of Herr Professors in the shop windows, and the originals—presumably talking philosophy and unmistakably drinking beer—in the evening at the hotel, while two immaculate little Japs, in coats and trousers, played billiards in another room. In the University library there were Albert Dürer drawings, which a polite professor, in the absence of the librarian, showed us, talking a French as shockingly bad as our German; and in the University garden there was a statue of a University hero on a prancing horse, almost as completely overgrown with a Virginia creeper as the pages and knights are with briar rose in Burne-Jones's pictures. Having seen these things, we had exhausted Erlangen, and by eleven we were off in a wild hurricane to Nuremberg.

It came into sight when we were about five kilometres out—a group of towers, flanked on each side by a long line of factory chimneys, in the middle of the plain. Those smoking chimneys were much in evidence as we drew nearer, and, only think, Oh, worse and worse!—as the epic of the Naughty Frederick says—the entrance to the town lay between two rows of modern villas! They were not what we had ridden to Nuremberg to see. Neither was the bare ugly gateway, nor the street inside with its horse-car tracks; neither were the brand-new hotels, nor the commercial gentlemen in the dining-room of the Wittelsbach. This a mediæval town! You might as well call modern Rome a Roman city. The truth is, and I write it boldly, Nuremberg is one of the most over-rated places in the tourist's itinerary.



INGOLDSTADT.

Go to Fritzlar or Frankenberg, to Rocamadour in France, to Assisi or Siena, if you want mediævalism pure and simple. You cannot expect a town prosperous to-day to retain all its old architecture untouched—to resist the march of progress, as it is called. The narrow twisting alley-ways that once did duty for streets are not adapted to horse-cars; it is against all reason that an educated man who has once tasted the delights of the villa should put up with a fifteenth-century house! Nuremberg is eminently prosperous, and has suffered in consequence. Even the prosperity it owes to the tourist has told in the end, and the restorer has done his work with neatness and dispatch. So has the collector: in order to add one more to the shows of the town, he has filled the much-belauded museum—probably the greatest rubbish-hole in Europe—with pictures that few artists would care to look at a second time; has even, with the zeal of the Vandal, torn leaves from old books to make a braver display of woodcuts and printed sheets.

I do not want to be misunderstood. It would be nonsense to pretend that there is nothing to see in Nuremberg. We found plenty to delight us for the rest of that day and a great part of the next. There were the wonderful old churches with their rich sculptures, the squares with statue or well in the centre, the beautiful shrines and tablets stuck up every here and there on the tall houses, and, above all, that one stretch of the town wall which, probably, has been as often sketched and photographed as the mill at Idley. But Nuremberg is essentially a town of beautiful "bits"; its reputation is that of a perfect whole.

And what a tourists' nest it is! No danger of the waiters at the hotels not speaking English there! In the churches you are given a printed guide in English, French, and German. And yet the wicked J— demanded one in Hungarian or Russian, and then persisted in talking what he alleged was Spanish. In the street the occasional native offers, in your own language, to show you the way. In the antiquity shops prices are regulated for English and American purses, as J— went to some pains to explain to the shopkeepers, who



SCHWABACH.

did not seem in the least grateful to him for his trouble. They told him he had better buy his beer-mugs elsewhere, and he thanked them and said that he had: his advice was disinterested. At the stationers', shockingly bad process reproductions of old woodcuts, at a fabulous cost, are supposed to be fitted for the English-speaking market, a fraud which J—, turned public benefactor for the afternoon, also tried to make clear to its perpetrator. But "So?" was the stationer's sole answer. Something of the *Tit-Bits* or *Pearson's* spirit has entered into the keepers of Dürer's house, and a lottery ticket is your card of admission. We have our tickets yet, but I fear they are all the lottery will ever bring us.

The day from Nuremberg was another of the red-letter days of our journey. It had its drawbacks, of course: I need not say that these were occasional rain and occasional mud. But then, on the other hand, we came to Schwabach, with a record-breaking champion in the hotel, and an uncommonly fine altarpiece by Wolgemut in the church; and Roth with its beautiful castle and a jolly stork's nest up on a roof, a stork standing on one leg at its side; and Ellingen, unmentioned by Baedeker, but with stately gates and architecture that recalled Italy and Palladio, and with outside a no less stately avenue of great trees, where we were pursued by the nastiest children we encountered in Germany; and late in the evening Weissenburg, marvellously picturesque in the twilight, where we put up in a big rambling old inn facing the market square.

Lovelier still was the day that followed—lovely, for all the thunderstorms. We raced over plains and hills, despite the mud that packed itself into my leather dress-guard and acted so successfully as a brake that once J— had to stop and turn my machine upside down and scoop it out with a stick. But the road ran up the wooded hills and then down into the valley, where, on the river-bank, stands Eichstadt, a big ecclesiastical town, full of churches, and overlooked by the Bishop's palace far above on a neighbouring height. And we had not left Eichstadt long, before we were looking from another hilltop across the valley of the Danube, and then riding through the picturesque gateway and past the beautiful cathedral of Ingolstadt.

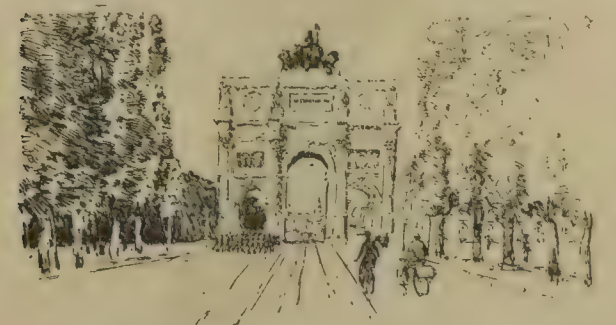
It was at Ingolstadt we first crossed the Danube, and,

therefore, the route of our three friends who were making the journey down stream, from the river's source to its mouth. I suppose the very memory of this should fill us with shame; for have we not since read in the advertisements of *Harper's*, where the story of their journey is appearing, that they travelled for the express purpose of investigating the condition of South-Eastern Europe, now that the air here in the West of Europe is thick with the rumours of war? And *we*, what were we investigating? Nothing, absolutely nothing; not even the condition of the people, or the soil, or the weather, or the roads—though of the latter we, by chance, have qualified ourselves to speak with authority. We were travelling solely and entirely to amuse ourselves and to rake in the shekels from a beneficent publisher. And why not? Why must all men and women to-day have a mission and find serious reasons for every action however light, for every undertaking however flippant? Is there to be no more pleasure for pleasure's sake in this sad world of ours? Of this generation Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson alone understands that the chief duty of the man who travels is to enjoy himself; and this is the beginning and end of the lesson taught, if lesson it can be called, by his "Inland Voyage" and his "Wanderings in the Cévennes"—But really I am commencing to preach myself!

Our chief pleasure for the rest of the afternoon—must truth be told—was in our halts, while we let the showers pass—halts made in the friendly little inns by the way. They were very much alike, all those little Bavarian inns: one big guest-room with plain wooden chairs and tables, pictures of Bavarian princes and princesses on the walls—seldom, if ever, of the Kaiser—a sociable landlord or landlady, always a baby, and as often or not a cat or a dog. As a rule, it served as family living room as well, and at times a tailor was sitting cross-legged by the window, a girl was ironing the family linen, or an old woman was doing the family mending. But it strikes me that these characteristic features, now I have written them out, are peculiar, not to the Bavarian, but to the universal inn. More essentially German was the strong domestic element which we found in the tiniest village inn as in the swellest Munich café. In such an atmosphere we had to fall into conversation with anyone and everyone, whether we wanted to or not; and I can recall our surprise and amusement that same afternoon when a rough carter, mud from head to foot, who had stopped for beer in the inn where we were, told us that his brother was a monk in the Benedictine Monastery near Pittsburgh. The world is a very small place, after all.

The "C.T.C. Road Book" warned us that the road from Pfaffenhofen, where we spent the night, to Munich was bad, and that we had better take the train. But, for a wonder, there was no rain, and we kept bravely to our cycles. It is useless to dwell on what is unredemably disagreeable. At first the way was fair, and we gaily raced and beat a carriage and a coach going in the same direction. But soon we were deep in mud again—liquid mud, solid mud, stony mud, all sorts and conditions of mud, fathoms of mud, kilometres of mud. The mended road was only a shade less unridable than the road being repaired by rude workmen who put down their spades and pickaxes to grin offensively as I passed. Theirs were true town manners when they crowded, pell-mell, into an inn where we had taken shelter from a shower—for, of course, it rained before the morning was well begun. Our carter and peasant friends were often as muddy and always as thirsty, and yet they never were rude or vulgar.

After the mud came a worn-out macadam road, where even the footpath was bumpy. On either side stretched pine-woods and desolate uncultivated fields. There was nothing to suggest that we were nearing a big town, the capital of the country. When we reached the paved road, where we wheeled with comparative ease, there were grinning soldiers instead of workmen. It would be hard to say where, during the morning's run, was the pleasure for people who journeyed professedly for no other object. Our first moment of comfort was when, machines and all a mass of dried mud,



we proudly wheeled along the broad boulevards—now almost deserted, for it was the dinner-hour of Munich—to the Hôtel Achatz.

I wonder whether any other woman in the world in her senses would have taken such a ride for amusement!

A small town in the Southern Tyrol, Male, in the Val di Sole, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on July 26, with the ancient Capuchin monastery, church, and library; and nearly a hundred and fifty families were rendered homeless.

One of the ancient original "adventurers' shares" in the New River Company of London, dating from the time of Sir Hugh Myddelton in the reign of James I., was sold by auction on Wednesday, July 27, by Messrs. Edwin Fox and Bousfield at the Mart in Tokenhouse Yard. It has rarely happened that an entire and undivided share was for sale. There is a delightful simplicity and solidity in such a compact, unique, historically antique, perpetually improving piece of stock, on which the present dividend per share is £2600 a year, with a prospect that the company will have in about twenty years the reversion of the Clerkenwell estate, land and buildings now held on lease. The price obtained at this auction was £106,000; but three years ago, we believe, a similar share was sold for £122,800 to the Prudential Assurance Company. The annual revenue of the New River Company has risen to £532,700, being much augmented within the past twenty years.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

O BALK (Yokohama).—Thanks for paper, which is interesting and of which we shall make some use.

D E H NOYES (Cheltenham).—Problem under consideration.

COLONEL G A NOYES (Cheltenham).—Your problem is neat, but depends too much on an idea that has been practically exhausted in composition.

A SMITH (Winchester).—"Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," price 6s. 6d., of E. Freborough, 9, Parliament Street, Hull.

DR F ST (Cambridge).—Correction received and noted.

DR SCHWEGE (Forest Hill).—Your problem has some point, but it looks too much like being manufactured out of an end-game. Try to make a more open position.

J NIELD (Oldham).—Your problem is under consideration, but we deem to the W Kt at K B sq and the consequent P at K B 6th, which, so far as we can see, only give a weak variation, to the detriment of the problem.

C T BLANCHARD. Your three-mover can be solved by 1. Q to Kt 5th, 1. R takes R, and 1. Q to Q 3rd, in addition to your method. The two-mover is apparently correct, but scarcely strong enough for this column.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2506 AND 2507 received from William Allnut (Tasmania); of No. 2508 from O Balk (Yokohama); of No. 2512 from P V (Trinidad); of No. 2513 from Miss Gilmore (Bhanga) and P V; of No. 2514 from Miss Gilmore, P V, and Henry Clarke (Bangalore); of No. 2515 from P V (Trinidad); of No. 2516 from B W La Mothe (New York); of No. 2517 from R W L (Oporto); of No. 2518 from W H Thompson (Tenerife); and B W La Mothe; of No. 2519 from Anna Downes (Ipswich), John G Grant, J Nield, J D Tucker (Leeds), W Amor, jun., J F Moon, Nellie Gales, A W (Salisbury), John Hodgson (Maidstone), Emile Frau (Lyons), S Thompson, and Z Ingold (Frampton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2520 received from T Roberts, R E H, R H Brooks, R London, W R Beilken, Sorrento (Bavaria), T G (Vare), J P Moon, Blair Cochran (Clew), C E Perugini, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Alpha, A Newman, J Nield, L Schlu (Vienna), J D Tucker (Leeds), W Vincent, B D K, Admiral Brandreth, Martin F. Shadforth, H B Hurford, R B Fisher, Dr Waltz (Ostend), G Joyce, W Percy Hind (Seaford), H S Brandreth, Nigel, Charles Burnett, F J Knight, Joseph Willcock (Chester), R Worters (Canterbury), W Wright, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), and J Cond.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2518—By F. HEALEY.

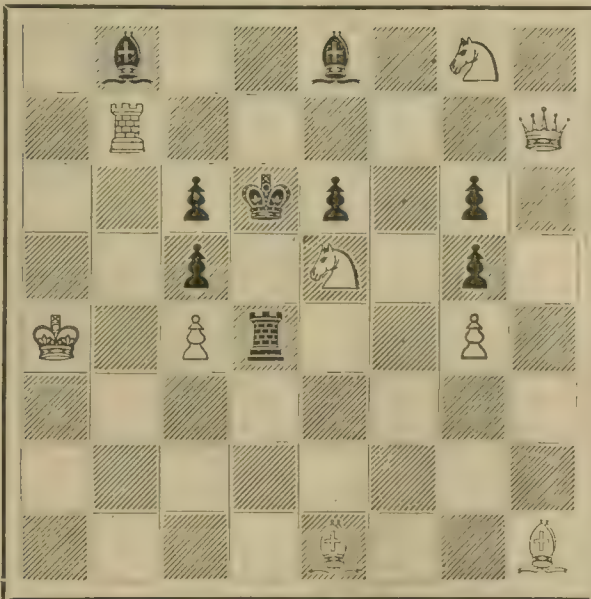
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K B 5th. R to B 6th
2. R to B 4th (ch). K takes Kt
3. R mates

If Black play 1. Kt to Kt 3rd, 2. Kt to Q B 5th (ch); and if 1. Kt to K 3rd, then 2. Q takes Kt, mating in each case on the following move.

PROBLEM No. 2522.

By R. KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Masters' Tournament at Dresden between Herr MIESES and Mr. BLACKBURN.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Herr M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Herr M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20.	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. B takes R	Kt to K 6th
3. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	22. B takes B	Q takes B
4. B to Kt 2nd	P to Q 3rd	23. Q R to Kt sq	P to R 5th
5. P to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	24. Q to K 2nd	B to K 3rd
6. K Kt to K 2nd	Castles	25. K to Q 2nd	Q to Q sq
7. P to K R 3rd	Kt to K sq	26. R to R sq	P to R 6th
8. P to K Kt 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	27. K R to Q Kt sq	P to R 7th
9. B to R 6th	Kt to Kt 2nd	28. K R to K Kt sq	Q to Kt 3rd
10. Q to Q 2nd	B to K 3rd		
11. Castles (Q R)	Kt to Q 5th		
12. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt		
13. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q B 4th		
14. P to K B 4th	P to B 3rd		
15. P to B 5th	B to B 2nd		
16. P to K R 4th	P to R 4th		
17. Kt to Kt 3rd	B takes P		

So far the Pawn was safe; but now it can be taken with advantage, as the Bishop cannot be won by P to Kt 3rd.

18. P takes P P takes P
19. P to R 5th P to K Kt 4th
20. Kt to B 5th

At this point the interest begins and steadily increases to the end. Possibly 20. B takes Kt, K takes B, 21. Kt to B 5th (ch) was better. At K 6th the Kt proved stronger than a Rook.

Black's forcible moves come with crushing effect. White must now bitterly regret letting the Kt in.

29. K to B sq P to B 5th
30. P takes P Kt takes B P
31. P to Kt 3rd P to Q 6th

A finishing master-stroke. Here White might have resigned.

32. P takes P
There is nothing else. If Q to B sq, Q to K 6th (ch), and mates next move. He must lose the other R or be mated by Q to Kt 7th.

33. B to B sq Q takes R (ch)
34. Q to K sq Q takes P
wins.

Black played this game in his best style, and the end is very entertaining.

Game played between M. ALBIN and Dr. TARRASCH in the same tourney.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (M. A.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)	WHITE (M. A.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16.	P to K Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Kt takes P (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	18. Castles	P takes P
4. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
6. P takes P	Kt to Kt 5th (ch)		
7. B to Q 2nd	B Kt takes P		

The capture is incorrect. The better move is B takes B (ch); 8. Q Kt takes B, Kt takes K P; 9. Kt takes Kt, P to Q 4th, and Black remains with a fine game.

8. B takes B Kt takes B
9. B takes P (ch) K takes B
10. Q to Kt 3rd (ch) P to Q 4th
11. Kt to K 5th (ch) K to B 3rd
12. Q takes Kt P to B 4th
13. Q to R 4th Q to K sq
14. Q to Q sq

Very subtle. If now, as contemplated, P takes P, White replies P to B 4th, threatening Q takes P, with a fine attacking game.

14. Kt to Kt 4th Kt to K 3rd
15. P to B 4th
16. Kt to Q B 3rd

Threatening to win the Queen, or mate by Kt takes P (ch), and there is no better reply than the text move. The position will bear examination, and White's play is very fine. Of course, if Kt takes B P, White Castles and wins.

Conspicuous among the absentees from the Dresden Chess Congress, Mr. Bird has not been idle meanwhile, his visit to Newcastle giving the northern players a large amount of satisfaction and pleasure. Every night of his visit he engaged the members of the Chess Club in simultaneous play, and, considering the strength of his opponents, with remarkable success. On July 13 he played 30 games, of which 25 were won, 3 drawn, and 2 lost. On the 25th, 33 games, with 23 won, 4 drawn, and 6 lost; and on the 26th, 16 games, with 15 won and 1 drawn.

A second edition, edited and arranged by E. Freborough, of "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," is in the press, and will shortly appear.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The Royal Geographical Society have at length, it appears, completed arrangements for admitting some ladies as "Fellows" of that society. It was said that some of the ladies whom the society desired to admit would object to being called by that manly title; but it is hard to credit that so childish an objection would be raised by any one of the really enterprising and distinguished women-travellers of to-day. Readers of my new little book of biographical sketches, "In Ladies' Company," will have seen how the pioneer of adventurous women-travellers, Frau Ida Pfeiffer, resented the refusal of the Royal Geographical Society of England to admit her to its membership on the sole ground that she was of the female sex. She had then travelled alone in many countries, covering some 2800 miles by land and 35,000 miles by sea; she had passed through districts of Persia and China where no European, and certainly no white woman, had ever before penetrated; and she had brought home unique collections of minerals, flora, and other instructive objects. The Geographical Society of Paris elected her one of its members on her return; the wise men of Berlin and Vienna did her honour; but the Royal Geographical Society of London had to explain that it could not invite her to accept its membership, since the chance of a woman ever deserving election had been expressly provided against in the original statutes! However, they voted that brave old lady a sum of money to aid her in making further travels; and now so many women have followed in Frau Pfeiffer's steps that the progress of time has led to the repeal of the illiberal provision.

Travelling is an easier matter now than it was in Frau Pfeiffer's day in the middle of the century. The really enterprising can doubtless still find some untrodden ground, as Miss Bird and Miss Muriel Dowie have proved. But many regions that were once obscure and even dangerous are now freely open to, and comfortably visited by, European travellers. A proof of this is afforded by Mrs. Howard Vincent's new book, "From Newfoundland to Cochin China." Mrs. Howard Vincent has visited, on this journey places that were quite novel to Europeans a generation ago, but she would make no claim to be considered adventurous or remarkable. Her book is a readable record of what was no doubt a very pleasant excursion made by her husband and herself. The story begins at Newfoundland, with an account of the chief city, St. John's, which has just been destroyed by fire. It is quite pathetic to read in this book of the extraordinary precautions that were taken against fire—all of no avail! The travellers went over the Canadian Rocky Mountains to Vancouver, thence to Japan, and a corner of China—all of which Mrs. Vincent describes with little literary skill, but with an interesting freshness and brightness that perhaps greater art would somewhat diminish.

She disarms criticism by frankly declaring that her book is offered "to constituents and friends." Nevertheless, she may be advised to do, in the event of her issuing another book, what has been done by many other amateur authors—employ a humble scribe with literary practice just to go over her manuscript. Sentences the actual meaning of which is obviously altogether different from the intended meaning abound; so do long, slipshod ones. For example: "There is a delightful outlook from the glazed screens, a European concession which probably will be general a few years hence, showing how easily the Japanese assimilate all foreign improvements, over the dark crinkled roofs across the wall of the street, into a seed-merchant's opposite, where golden bunches of persimmons mingle with the sample baskets of grain." To the literary eye, such a sentence is distressfully in need of "tidying up." The writer does not mean that the glass in the window-frames is a "European concession" to the Japs, but exactly the reverse—its use is their concession to European tastes; nor does she intend to say that foreign improvements come over the dark crinkled roofs. At the same time, her actual meaning is perfectly clear, only a little more care in expression was wanted. There is no harm in a book being written hastily by a lady who has natural gifts of quick observation and expressive language, as is certainly the case with Mrs. Howard Vincent; but when she plays at authorship she should do as she would do if she chose to go butter-making or cooking for amusement: she should pay a professional worker to put things in order when she has tired of them, and to do all the irksome and wearying parts of the work.

Amateur authors may be well assured that not even professional writers, with all the rapidity and ease that training and practice give, can safely dispense with abundant correction and constant care about the details of expression: how much more labour, therefore, is demanded from inexperienced writers! The common faults of the literary beginner could, most of them, be detected and amended by herself if she would condescend to take the trouble which is not beneath the dignity of the masters of the craft of which she is an apprentice. Macaulay, for instance, corrected profusely; frequently every other word in a sentence in his manuscript is changed. Carlyle gained the curious combination of involved structure and clear meaning that distinguishes his work by untiring correction. Balzac said that he worked thirteen hours a day over his style, and was yet never satisfied. In short, it may be taken as certain that if writing is to be free from ambiguities, blunders, and inelegancies of style, and deserving of the permanence of type, it must be carefully revised once and again, and yet again.

Messrs. Maple, of the well-known furniture establishment in Tottenham Court Road, have just issued an excellent little book, with the title "About Our Homes." Nominally priced at one shilling, and certainly worth that for its information and suggestions about the newest ideas in art furnishing, it is, in fact, intended to guide patrons to an understanding of what they can get from Messrs. Maple's house. The illustrations are extremely interesting. Some of the really exquisite wall-papers designed by Walter Crane and other high-class decorative artists, and manufactured by such makers as Messrs. Jeffrey, are supplied by Messrs. Maple at almost wholesale manufacturing prices—an advantage which they are able to give in consequence of the large quantities that they purchase from the manufacturers. Some of these beautiful designs are figured in the new book, and the charm of their patterns can be thus judged, though their full beauty cannot be appreciated without the fine colourings of the real thing being viewed. Other materials than paper—the compositions known variously as "Lincrusta," "Tynecastle Tapestry," "Anaglypta," &c., are also fully described and figured in the book. Many of the general remarks in the letterpress are very sensible—notably a page of argument on the desirability of putting up ceiling papers in place of having the ordinary glaring and inartistic whitewashed surface. Those who are redecorating a house and cannot go to Maple's will find this book specially useful in guiding their orders; but even customers who can call will reap an advantage by first sending for and running over the book, and finding out from its pages "what they have got" in the decorative line.



At the Church Parade, Hyde Park.



At the Botanical Gardens Floral Fête: Little Winifred being photographed.



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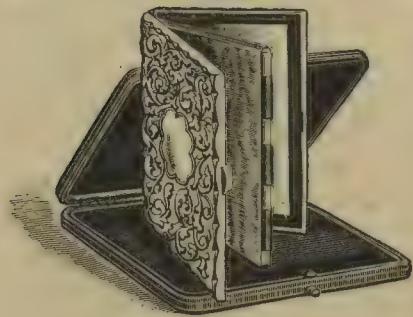
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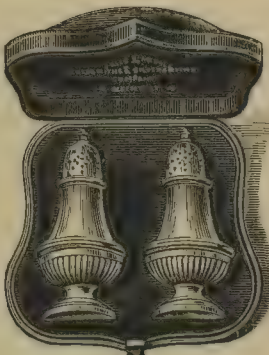
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VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE.

The Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke, of



Sherbrooke, county Surrey, P.C., G.C.B., D.C.L., J.L.D., F.R.S., died on July 27. He was born Dec. 4, 1811, the second son of the Rev. Robert Lowe, Rector of Bingham and Prebendary of Southwell, and was educated at Winchester and University College, Oxford (B.A. 1st Class Classics, 2nd Class Mathematics 1833. Fellow of Magdalen College 1835, M.A. 1836). He sat as M.P. for Kidderminster 1852 to 1859, for Calne 1859 to 1868, and for the University of London from 1868 to 1880. From December 1852 to February 1855 he was Joint Secretary of the Board of Control; Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Paymaster-General from March 1855 to March 1858; President of the Board of Health and Vice-President of the Education Board of Privy Council from June 1859 to April 1864; Chancellor of the Exchequer from December 1868 to August 1873; and Secretary of State for the Home Department from 1873 to 1874. On May 25, 1880, he was raised to the Peerage. His lordship married, first, in 1836, Georgiana, daughter of Mr. George Orred, of Aigburth House, Lancashire; and secondly, in 1883, Caroline, daughter of Mr. Thomas Sneyd, of Ashcombe Park, Staffordshire. He left no issue.

BARON TEYNHAM.

The Right Hon. Henry George Roper-Curzon, Baron Teynham,



of Teynham, in the county of Kent, died at his residence, Linstead Lodge, Sidcup, on July 22. He was born Dec. 27, 1822, the only child of George Henry, sixteenth Baron Teynham, whom he succeeded in 1889. His lordship married, in 1860, Harriet Anne Lovell, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Heathcote, of Shaw Hill House, Wilts, and by her leaves, with other issue, Henry John Philip Sidney, now eighteenth Baron Teynham, who was born in 1867.

Another of the old London City churches is shortly to disappear. This is the Church of Allhallows the Great, which is situated in Upper Thames Street. There are still four churches in the City which bear this name, and there were formerly no less than seven. The parish of Allhallows the Great, which is to be united to St. Michael Royal and St. Martin Vintry, must not be confused with Allhallows, Barking, which historic church is visited yearly by many pious

Americans, for there, in 1641, William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, who was the son of Admiral Penn, and was born in a house on Tower Hill, was christened. Allhallows, Barking, too, contains some of the finest memorial brasses in London, among them one to William Thynne, who, in 1532, gave Englishmen the first collected edition of the works of Chaucer. In this quaint old church the poetic Earl of Surrey was hurriedly buried after his execution, while in the churchyard Archbishop Laud found an ignominious, but only temporary, resting-place. The Allhallows which is so soon to be pulled down was built by Wren, and is of no particular interest architecturally, but it contains a beautiful and remarkable screen, presented by a Dutch merchant in the seventeenth century. This will be carefully preserved, and set up either in the parish church of the united benefices or in some other selected by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The site and materials of Allhallows the Great will be sold with the object of providing a new church in some other part of the diocese where it is more urgently needed.

A terrible instance of homicidal mania, causing the death of two persons slaughtered by a madman, took place on Tuesday evening, July 26, at Polmont, four miles from Falkirk. James Fraser, a clerk in the Commercial Bank at Glasgow, forty years of age, married, but without children, was passing his annual holiday there; he seems to have been insane. With no apparent provocation, he entered the house of the next-door neighbour, William Shadwell, a waiter or servant of a boarding-school, attacked him with a sword, pursued him into the road, and killed him. He next killed a young woman, Mary Grindlay, who was passing by with a pitcher of water; her brother and two other young men saw her cut down, but were afraid to rush on him and secure him; they only pelted him with stones. Shadwell's wife, coming home, saw her husband's dead body and fainted; the maniac then cut at her, inflicting several dangerous wounds, but stopped presently, thinking her dead. He returned to his house and sat there, with the sword and two loaded pistols, till the police came to take him, when he made no resistance, talking in an incoherent manner. He was sent to the prison at Glasgow. Mrs. Shadwell is likely to recover from her wounds.

The Spanish celebration of the fourth centenary of the memorable first voyage of Columbus to America—more strictly, to the West Indies—commenced on Tuesday, Aug. 2, at the small seaport of Palos and the neighbouring town of Huelva. It was on that day of the year 1492 that the wise and courageous Genoese navigator, in the service of their Catholic Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella, sailed from Palos in the little caravel Santa Maria, and he landed on Oct. 12, on St. Salvador, one of the Bahama Islands. The principal ceremonies and festivities in honour of this grand achievement will take place in October, simultaneously in Spain and Portugal, at Genoa and elsewhere in Italy, and in the United States of America, in Mexico and in other Spanish American Republics. But for the anniversary of the sailing from Palos a model of the small vessel that carried the great maritime discoverer across the Atlantic had been specially constructed and manned by an equal crew. A Spanish naval squadron, with the Minister of War on board the Admiral's flag-ship, escorted the representative of the little ship of Columbus putting out to sea. Detachments of the British, French, Italian, Austrian, German, and American fleets were there to fire a salute.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A recent visitor to Hursley gives a pleasant account of the reverence and affection with which Keble's memory is still cherished there. Readers of Dean Stanley's not altogether appreciative essay on the author of "The Christian Year" will remember the tribute which he pays to the fidelity with which Keble did his pastoral work—the concern which, "notwithstanding his world-wide fame," he took in the smallest interests of his parishioners. Now, after thirty years, his memory is cherished and loved by his people. "They speak of him with awe and love, and strive to live as he would have them live." The church was built out of the profits of "The Christian Year," and the church at Otterbourne, not far away, was built by Miss C. M. Yonge, one of Keble's disciples. Her home is opposite.

It will always be remembered that John Keble, Isaac Williams, and John Mason Neale never received even the most barren honours at the hands of their bishops. They were not even prebendaries; yet it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to name three bishops of the period whose work was so deep and far-reaching as theirs.

The subject of the Church and the Press, recently debated in the Lambeth Library at the Diocesan Conference, is attracting wide attention. Dignitaries are very wisely beginning to admit that it may be just as well to be civil to the Press. They recognise the steady, incalculable influence which newspapers exert and repent the contempt with which these used to be treated. Nonconformists are doing the same thing. "A duke," said Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, "is treated with respect at our meetings, a reporter with reverence." This is a new thing. Reporters were of old treated as if they were excommunicated, and one result was Dickens's conception of the minister of religion as a Stiggins or a Chadband.

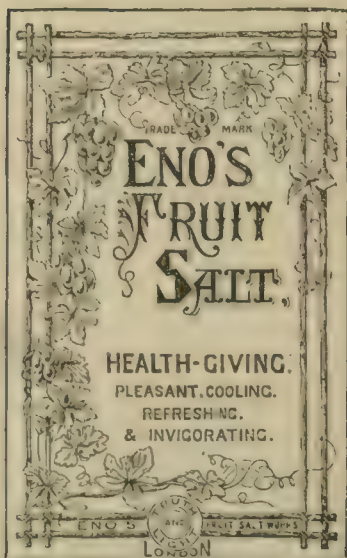
As yet, however, not much has been said of the religious press. The *Church Times* sharply admonishes Church dignitaries for their treatment of the cheap religious journal: "Not only have they been content as writers and readers with their high-priced quarterlies, monthlies, and sixpenny newspapers, but they have, as far as they possibly could, discountenanced the cheaper journalism which has by far the wider circulation, and which, to the best of its ability, has exerted itself to provide the antidote to false principles, heretical doctrines, and untrue statements of history." There can be no doubt the penny religious press has made great advance in the last ten years. Many of the ablest pens of the day are employed in its service, and the aggregate circulation steadily increases. Yet no religious paper yet published has really touched the masses, and perhaps none ever will.

The Mansfield Summer Theological School at Oxford has been an almost triumphant success. The only grave error in connection with it was the introduction of two American Old Testament critics, who discussed the subject in a very radical style. One, indeed, Dr. Briggs, of New York, is said to have spoken in a cynical and scoffing vein which shocked his audience. Considering that this gentleman is under trial for heresy by his own Church, it would probably have been wiser, as it would certainly have been more courteous to that Church, to have chosen some other lecturer.

Complaints are made in the Liverpool press that Mr. Gladstone has chosen a priest from another diocese (the Rev. W. S. Knowles, of Hanley) for the incumbency of St. Thomas's, Toxteth.

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DON'T GO WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT."



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what would otherwise have been a severe illness. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon a disordered and feverish condition of the system is marvellous. As a nursery medicine the 'FRUIT SALT' is invaluable; instead of children disliking it, they look upon it rather in the light of a luxury. As a gentle aperient and a corrective in cases of any sort of over-indulgence in eating or drinking, ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is all that is needful to restore freshness and vigour. In cases of Nervous Headache and Debility it is specially useful, and should be taken in all cases where persons suffer from a sluggish condition of the liver."—*Young Ladies' Journal*.

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OF THE
ENTIRE SYSTEM,
AND
RENOVATOR
OF THE
VITAL FORCES.

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Madame SARAH BERNHARDT says: "It has always largely helped to give me strength to perform my arduous duties."

M. CHARLES GOUNOD alludes to it as "the admirable wine which has so often rescued me from exhaustion."

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE wrote: "I have used the Mariani Wine for years, and consider it a valuable stimulant, particularly serviceable in the case of vocalists."

Dr. LEONARD CORNING, author of "Brain Exhaustion," says: "It is the remedy par excellence against worry."

Dr. J. G. HAMMOND says: "Nothing repairs so promptly the injurious effects of over-indulgence on the nervous system."

Dr. M. I. ROBERTS writes that "It has just bridged me over a very critical period, after unusual strain."

Dr. FINCH alludes to "its power to sustain and to feed the vital forces when the system is both mentally and physically overtaxed."

Dr. FLEMING found it "particularly efficacious during convalescence after fevers, and for the relief of general debility, especially in the aged."

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Dr. FOWLER, after an extensive trial, found it "a very valuable adjuvant in the treatment of nervous exhaustion."

Dr. EGBERT GUERNSEY used it largely "in convalescence from fevers and general nerve debility with weakness of the heart's action."

Madame ALBANI declares it to be "invaluable in vocal fatigue."

Dr. LINGARD, after several trials, found it "reliable in restoring impaired vitality."

M. AMBROISE THOMAS asks permission to "sing the praises of Mariani's excellent wine."



Specially Prescribed in Cases of
BRAIN EXHAUSTION,
NERVOUS DEPRESSION,
SLEEPLESSNESS,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
CONVALESCENCE,
VOICE FATIGUE.

Mr. MARIANI holds over 2000 unsolicited Testimonials from physicians who recognise the value of his preparation.

N.B.—The Public are requested to ask for "MARIANI WINE" in order to avoid the substitution of imitations often worthless, and consequently disappointing in effect.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in the United Kingdom, or will be sent, carriage free, by the Wholesale Agents, upon receipt of remittance, viz.: Per Bottle, 4s.; Half-dozen, 22s. 6d.; Dozen, 45s.

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USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell Street and Wilson Street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes— "Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

STRENGTHENS THE MUSCLES. From "Victorina," "The Strongest Lady in the World."

"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes— "Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman. "For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forres Estate, Maskellya, Ceylon, writes— "The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

ACHES, SPRAINS, AND STIFFNESS.

A. F. GARDINER, Esq. (A.A.A.; L.A.C. Spartan Harriers' Official Handicapper), writes— "After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

ACCIDENT.

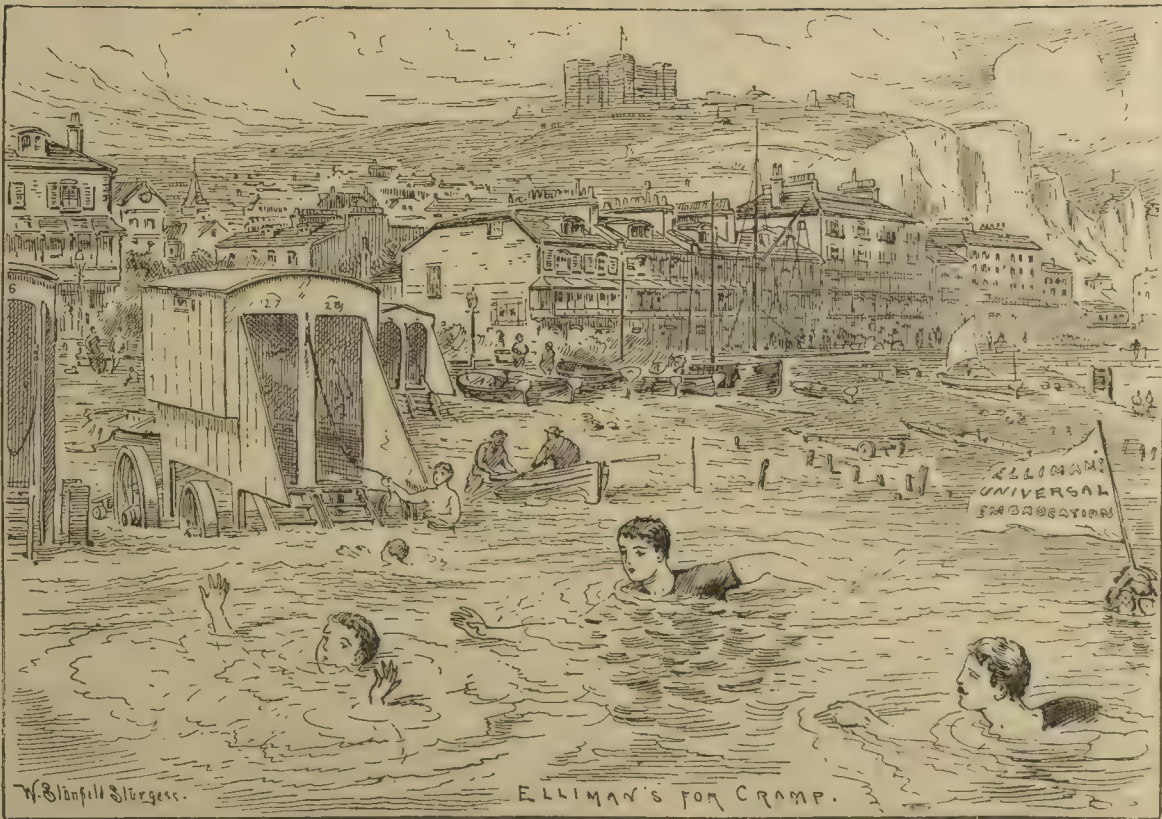
From the Jackley Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London. "I was recommended by my friend 'Victorina' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

From L. FADRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain. "I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARRON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford. "I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



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ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."
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"And it I will have, or I will have none."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 27, 1891) of the Most Noble William, Duke of Devonshire, K.G., late of Devonshire House, Piccadilly, who died on Dec. 21 last at Holker Hall, Lancashire, was proved on July 26 by the Most Noble Spencer Compton, Duke of Devonshire, the son, the executor for life, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,790,000. After the death of his son, the deceased has appointed his grandson Victor Christian William Cavendish executor, and his said son and grandson are appointed trustees of the will. The testator bequeaths £15,000 consolidated stock in the Furness Railway Company, 10,000 shares in the Barrow Hematite Steel Company, 20,000 shares in the Barrow Flax and Jute Company, and 2000 shares in the Barrow Steam-Ship Company to his said grandson; £30,000 consolidated stock of the Furness Railway Company, 5000 shares of the Barrow Hematite Steel Company, and 10,000 shares in the Barrow Flax and Jute Company to his daughter, Lady Louisa Caroline Egerton; £50,000, upon trust, for his grandsons Richard Frederick Cavendish and John Spencer Cavendish, as his son, the present Duke, shall appoint, and, in default of appointment, for his said grandsons equally; 21, Carlton House Terrace, to his daughter-in-law Lady Frederick Charles Cavendish, for life, and then to his son; £2000 to each of the sons of his sister, Lady Fanny Howard; all his diamonds, excepting those left to him by the late Duke of Devonshire and the diamond necklace which belonged to him when Earl of Burlington, to his grandson the said Victor Christian William Cavendish; and the remainder of his jewellery, except the diamonds, pearls, and jewellery left to him by his predecessor in the title, the pearl necklace given to his wife by the late Duke, and the diamond necklace which belonged to him when Earl of Burlington, to his said daughter. He recites that his life is insured under various policies, and that as to certain of them amounting to £52,200 he has settled one third thereof on his daughter, Lady Louisa Caroline Egerton, and he now gives her an additional one sixth part. One moiety of the rents, &c., of the park mines, Dalton-in-Furness, he leaves to his son, the present Duke, and subject thereto and to the payment of £1500 per annum which he has covenanted, by her marriage settlement, to pay to his daughter-in-law, Lady Edward Cavendish, for life, he, in the events which have happened, devises all his real estate in the county of Lancaster during the joint lives of his son and his last-named grandson, to the use of his said grandson Victor Christian William Cavendish, then to such uses as his said son shall appoint, and, in default of any such appointment, to his said grandson, in fee simple. All his copyhold property and chattels real in the said county, and all the furniture, pictures, effects, and farming stock, &c., at Holker Hall, and all the plate which belonged to him before the death of the late Duke of Devonshire, with some exceptions, are to go with his real estate in Lancashire. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1888), with a codicil (dated Dec. 15, 1890), of Mr. Robert Cradock Nichols, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., late of Highley Manor, Balcombe, Sussex, 5, Sussex Place, Hyde Park, and 25, Parliament Street, who died on May 26, was proved on July 21 by Mrs. Emily Mary Nichols, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £171,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000, his English stock of the Stationers' Company, and all his furniture, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock to his wife; £10,000 to his brother, Francis Morgan Nichols; £5000 to his nephew

John Bowyer Buchanan Nichols; £2000 each to his sister, Anna Octavia Nichols, and his nieces and nephew, Mary Elizabeth Bird, Walter Buchanan Nichols, Irene Nichols, and Isabel Lindley; and very numerous legacies to nephews, nieces, great nephews and nieces, workmen and apprentices in employ of firm and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to his children, if any. In default of children, he gives the Highley Manor and estate and £20,000 to his nephew John Bowyer Buchanan Nichols; his freehold property at Nichols Square, Hackney Road, and Shoreditch, and £10,000 to his nephew Walter Buchanan Nichols; £2000 and some freehold houses to each of his nieces, Irene Nichols and Isabel Lindley; and there are other gifts of freehold properties, and numerous pecuniary legacies to nephews, nieces, and great nephews and nieces. The ultimate residue is to be divided between the children of his said brother, Francis Morgan Nichols.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1889), with a codicil (dated Jan. 18, 1892), of Mr. Thomas Lynn Bristowe, M.P., late of 55, Cadogan Square, who died on June 6, was proved on July 25 by Robert Henry Bristowe, the brother, Arthur Charles Rhodes, and Ernest Mason Bristowe, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £137,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all his jewellery, plate, furniture, pictures, books, articles of household use and ornament, wines, household stores, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock, to his wife, Mrs. Frances Ellen Bristowe; and £105 to each of his executors. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety (but not exceeding £70,000), upon trust, for his wife, for life; and the ultimate residue to his children, Mrs. Florence Ellen Baldry, Ernest Mason Bristowe, Sydney Cheshyre Bristowe, Arthur Lynn Bristowe, Royle Frederick Bristowe, and Frank Syer Bristowe, but the share of his daughter is to be £7000 less than the shares of his other children, and he confirms her marriage settlement.

The will (dated March 15, 1876) of Mr. George Hubbard, late of Ford Park, Plymouth, who died on June 4, was proved on July 11 by Alexander Hubbard, the brother, and George Robert Hubbard and Henry William Hubbard, the nephews, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects and £3000 to his sister Ann Cairns Hubbard; £3000 to his sister Mrs. Louisa Maria Blakiston; £2500 to each of his brothers Alexander Hubbard and the Rev. Henry Dickinson Hubbard; £1500 to his brother Edward James Hubbard; £1000 each to his nephew and nieces, Henry William Hubbard, Fanny Louisa Peake, and Clara Ellen Smith; £500 to his niece Avie Wells Hubbard; £100 each to the Royal Albert Hospital, Devonport, and his friend Henry Smithers; and £50 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said brothers and sisters, and in the event of the death of either of them, leaving issue, the children are to take their parent's share.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1889), with three codicils (dated Dec. 6, 1890; Dec. 3, 1891; and June 22, 1892), of Mr. Charles Turner, late of 115, Westbourne Terrace, who died on June 23, was proved on July 12 by William Henry Luard Pattison, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testator bequeaths £2500 and a leasehold house in Delamere Terrace, Paddington, to his late wife's niece, Marianne Isaacson Gee; £500 each to Charles Gee and Clara Palmer; £100 to the Royal Society for the Prevention

of Cruelty to Animals; and legacies to executors, servants, and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his nephews and nieces, and the husband and daughter of a deceased niece.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1891) of Mrs. Julia Hibbert, late of 12, Hill Street, who died on June 4, was proved on July 19 by Samuel Bircham and the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testatrix desires to be buried at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Rugby, and directs that the rings on her fingers and in her ears at the time of her decease are not to be removed but buried with her. She bequeaths £100 each to the officiating priest of the said Catholic Church and the officiating priest of the Catholic Church, Farm Street, for the purpose of providing requiem masses to be said for her; such sum as with what she has already given will make up £500, for the erection of an altar at Stonyhurst; the fittings, &c., of the chapel at her residence to the rector of the Catholic Church, Farm Street; and legacies to daughters, daughter-in-law, grandchildren, executors, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for the children of her late son, Hubert Aloysius Tichborne Hibbert.

The will (dated May 13, 1880), with three codicils (dated Jan. 5 and April 15, 1888; and Mar. 13, 1891), of Mr. William Warren Smith, late of Garstone Park, near Godstone, Surrey, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on July 11 by Nicholas Sadler and Mrs. Sarah Mary Jane Smith, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator gives all his household effects, plate, books, and pictures to his wife absolutely. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, she maintaining and educating his sons, William Warren Smith and Henry Sadler Warren Smith, until they respectively attain twenty-five, with power to his trustees to raise for each of them, on their attaining that age, any sum not exceeding £4000, and, subject thereto, for his said sons, equally.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1879), with a codicil (dated July 8, 1882), of Admiral James Stoddart, J.P., late of 13, Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park, who died on May 20, was proved on July 8 by Mrs. Harriet Agnes Stoddart, the widow, the Rev. Benjamin Peile Thompson, and Philip Vernon Smith, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to each of his executors; and £4000, all his wines, consumable stores, jewellery, ornaments, furniture, plate, pictures, books, household effects, and the lease of his residence to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay, during the life of his wife, £250 per annum to his son, Archibald Peile Stoddart; £50 per annum to his daughter, Mrs. Edith Frances Smith, in addition to the £200 per annum provided for by her marriage settlement; and the remainder of the income to his wife, for life. At his wife's death the residue is to be divided between his said son and daughter.

The will (dated June 5, 1888), with two codicils (dated June 26 following, and Jan. 6, 1891), of the Rev. Edward Henry Abney, Canon of Lichfield Cathedral, late of Derby, who died on March 13, was proved on July 2 by William de Wivleslie Abney, the son, and the Rev. Thomas William Bury, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testator leaves £1441 and the contingent reversionary interest of his son Charles Edward, under the will of his maternal grandfather, Jedediah Strutt, which he bought, upon trust, for his said son; and an annuity

Mappin & Webb's

Sterling Silver
AND
Prince's Plate
(REGD.)



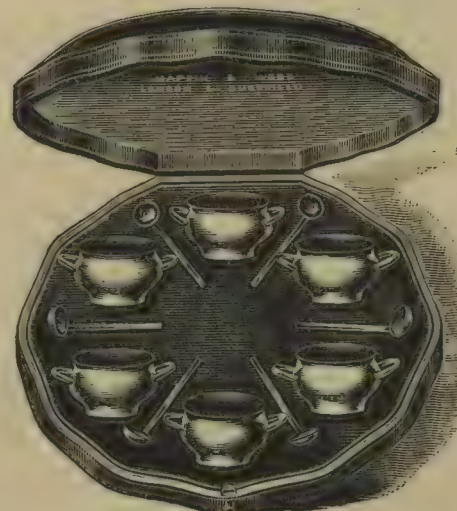
Antique Fluted Sterling Silver Bowl and Spoon, complete, in Case, £5 15s.



Oval Serviette Rings, in Sterling Silver Gilt, richly Engraved and Pierced, complete, in Case, £2 10s.



Pair of Sterling Silver Mufflers, Chased and Fluted, complete, in Case, £4.



Six Sterling Silver Salts and Spoons, in Case, £6 5s. Four in Case, £4 5s.



Registered Design. Six Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, Prince's Plate, £1 11s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £2 10s.



PRESENTATION CARVERS, WITH STERLING SILVER MOUNTS. One pair each Stag Handle Meat and Game Carvers and Steel, as illustrated .. £3 0 0 One pair Meat Carvers and Steel .. 2 2 0 Complete in Oak or Leather Cases.



Massive Sterling Silver Sugar Bowl and Sifter, beautifully Chased, after Bristol, Gilt inside, in best Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £27.

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LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

BRIGHTON SEAFORD EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS WORTHING LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR HAYLING ISLAND PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA

Frequent Fast Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and London Bridge.

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Extra Trains from London Saturday afternoons, returning Monday mornings.

Weekly, fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets, First and Second Class.

Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets.

Pullman Car Trains between London and Brighton and London and Eastbourne.

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RYDE COWES SANDOWN SHANKLIN VENTNOR FRESHWATER ST. HELENS BEMBRIDGE

Through Tickets issued and luggage Registered throughout.

The Trains run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also run to and from the Ryde Pier Head Station, thereby enabling passengers to stop from the Train to the Steamer, and vice versa.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

via the Direct Mid-Sussex Route, from Victoria and London Bridge, the West-End and City Stations.

Week-day Fast Through Trains and Boat Service.

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Dep.	6.35	10.30	11.45	1.0	1.45	2.35	3.55	4.55	5.55	7.17
Arr.	6.45	10.35	11.50	1.10	1.55	2.45	4.05	5.05	6.05	7.25

SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST.

DIEPPE ROUEN FECAMP HAVRE CHERBOURG

THE ANGLO-NORMAN AND BRITISH TOURS VIA NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE.—These Tickets enable the holder to visit all the principal places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

	London to Paris (1, 2)	Paris to London (1, 2)	London to Paris (1, 2, 3)	Paris to London (1, 2, 3)
Dep.	6.35	10.30	11.45	1.0
Arr.	6.45	10.35	11.50	1.10

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the 1st and 2nd Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

The Morning Departure from London will on Aug. 6, 7, 20, and 21 be postponed until 11.50 a.m., arriving in Paris 10 p.m.

Paris—Single, First 3s. 7d., Second 2s. 7d., Third 1s. 7d.

Return, First 3s. 3d., Second 2s. 3d., Third 1s. 3d.

Powerful Steamers, with excellent Deck and other cabins. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

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FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time Book, or Tourist Programme, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, Kensington (Addison Road), or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By Order) A. SALT, Secretary and General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

SEASIDE.—An ACCELERATED and IMPROVED SUMMER SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cromer, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton.

TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY TO TUESDAY CHEAP TICKETS are issued by all Trains from London (Liverpool Street), also from Great Eastern Suburban Stations and New Cross (L.B. & S.C.) at same fares as from Liverpool Street. These Tickets are also issued from St. Pancras (Midland) and Keatley Town to Hunstanton, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Cromer.

CHEAP DAY TRIPS TO THE SEASIDE, &c. SOUTHERN-ON-SEA and back 2s. 6d., DAILY from Liverpool Street, Fenchurch Street, Stratford, &c.; and from all stations on the Enfield, Walthamstow, Loughton, and North London Lines. Through Fast Trains from Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street.

THROUGH EXCURSION TICKETS TO SOUTHERN are issued from stations on the Metropolitan Line, via Bishopsgate.

CLACTON, WALTON, and HARWICH and back 4s., from Liverpool Street, on Sundays at 9.10 a.m., and on Mondays at 8.25 a.m.

For full particulars see bills. London, August 1892. Wm. BIRT, General Manager.

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THE ALBANY HOTEL, Robertson Terrace, Hastings.

Facing the Sea. One South. FINEST POSITION ON WHOLE SEA FRONT. Enlarged, Remodelled, Refurnished. Only Hotel with ELECTRIC LIGHT IN EVERY ROOM. PASSENGER LIFT. Handsome Public Rooms, Suites, and Single Rooms. Hall Lounge. Luxuriously fitted throughout. Moderate fixed tariff. Charge for attendance abolished.

C. A. SCHWABE, Manager.

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FROM LONDON TO BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRIN, DIST. EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS, via Every week. BOMBAY CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA, and ALEXANDRIA. Every alternate week. DIRECT SERVICES FROM BRINDISI TO EGYPT and the EAST. Cheap Return Tickets.

For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; and 25, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

SUMMER SERVICE OF TRAINS TO SCOTLAND BY THE WEST COAST (L. & N.W. & CAL. RVS.), ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

ADDITIONAL and ACCELERATED EXPRESS SERVICE from LONDON to the HIGHLAND RAILWAY and the GALLANDER and OBAN LINE.

Afternoon Express with Dining Saloons, London and Glasgow.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.—THE FOLLOWING ADDITIONAL and ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE is now in operation; 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all trains—

WEEK-DAYS.

Leave	London (Euston)	Arrive	Edinburgh (Pr. St.)	Leave	Edinburgh (Pr. St.)	Arrive	London (Euston)
1st	6.15	15.10	0.10	3.0	7.30	8.50	9.10
2nd	6.35	15.30	0.30	3.10	7.40	9.00	9.20
3rd	6.55	15.50	0.50	3.20	7.50	9.10	9.30

Dining Saloons for 1st Class passengers are run on the 2 p.m. Express from London to Glasgow.

The 7.30 p.m. Express from Euston to Perth will run from July 18 to Aug. 10 inclusive (Saturday and Sunday nights excepted). The Highland Company will take this train forward specially from Perth in advance of the Mail, so as to reach Inverness at 10.40 a.m.

* On Saturday nights the 8.50, 9, and 10 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

† Arrives at Inverness at 1.30 p.m. on Sundays. ‡ Saturdays only.

A The 8 p.m. Highland Express and the 12 night train will run every night (except Saturdays).

B The 8 p.m. Express will be divided from the 3rd to the 10th August, a relief train being run in advance for Perth and the Highland Line, leaving Euston at 7.30 p.m.

On Saturdays, passengers by the 10.30 a.m. and 2 p.m. trains from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

Carriages with Lavatory Accommodation are run on the principal Express Trains between London and Scotland, without extra charge.

Improved Sleeping-Saloons, accompanied by an attendant, are run on the night trains between London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Stranraer, Perth, and Aberdeen. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

A Special Train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 6.20 p.m., from July 11 to Aug. 10, inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages only to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

Additional trains from Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other towns will connect with the above trains.

For further particulars see the Companies' time-bills.

G. FINDLAY, General Manager, L. & N.W. Railway.

J. THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

August 1892.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO NORWAY

BY THE ORIENT COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP GARONNE, 3876 tons register, leaving LONDON Aug. 23 for 15 days, calling at LEITH two days later.

The steamer will be navigated through the "Inner Lead"—i.e., inside the fringe of islands off the coast of Norway—thus securing smooth water, and will visit some of the finest fjords. The GARONNE is fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, &c.

Head Office, Managers: F. GREEN and Co., Fenchurch Avenue, London. ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & Co., Avenue, London.

For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; or to the Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC, AND AEGEAN SEAS.

The ORIENT COMPANY will dispatch their large, full-powered steamship CHIMBORAZO, 3847 tons register, 3000-horse power, from London on Sept. 3, for 46 days cruise, visiting Cadiz, Malaga, Palermo, Ancona, Venice, Cattaro, Corfu, Nauplia (for Athens), Santorini, Malta, Gibraltar, arriving at Plymouth on Oct. 17 and London Oct. 18.

The CHIMBORAZO is fitted with electric light, electric bells, hot and cold baths, &c. First-class cuisine.

Head Office, Managers: F. GREEN and Co., Fenchurch Avenue, London. ANDERSON, ANDERSON, & Co., Avenue, London.

For passage apply to the latter firm at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; or to the Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

TOURS TO WEST COAST AND FJORDS OF NORWAY

and to ST. PETERSBURG. Quickest and Cheapest Route. The first-class Steamers ST. KUNNIVA and ST. ROGNVALD leave LEITH and ABERDEEN for TWELVE-DAY CRUISES on Aug. 6, Aug. 13, Aug. 20, and ST. KUNNIVA to COPENHAGEN, ST. PETERSBURG, &c., on Aug. 27. Full particulars and Handbooks, 3d. each, may be had from W. A. Malcolm, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Sewell and Crowther, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.; Cook and Sons, Ludgate Circus, E.C.; and all Branches; George Houston, 54, Constitution Street, Leith; and Charles Merryles, Northern Steam Wharf Aberdeen.

ABERDEEN.—THE PALACE HOTEL (at the Station), owned by the Great North of Scotland Railway Company.

Personally patronised by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and other members of the Royal Family.

Covered entrance from station platform.

Miss McKILLIAM, Manager.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF THE BATHS ARE THE MOST COMPLETE IN EUROPE.

Letters to the Manager will receive every attention.

VENICE.—Grand Hôtel d'Italie.

On the Grand Canal, close to the Square of St. Marc. Renowned restaurant and brasserie adjoining the hotel. Substantial and generous fare.

BAUER GRUNWALD, Proprietor.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

JAPAN AND CHINA SERVICE.—By the Company's Royal Mail Steamship Line, Empress of India, Empress of Japan, and Empress of China. Sailings from Vancouver, Aug. 28, and every three weeks thereafter. Passengers should arrive at New York, Boston, or Montreal seven days before Vancouver sailing date. Electric Light and Excellent Cuisine.

ROUND THE WORLD.—By arrangement with the P. and O. Steam Navigation Company and the North Atlantic Lines, the trip can now be made for £125—out by Atlantic, and home by Suez Canal, or vice versa.

SUMMER TOURS.—Express Train Service to shooting and fishing grounds, through the finest scenery in the world. Perfectly appointed Drawing-room Cars, Sleeping Cars, and Mountain Hotels.

EMIGRATION.—Free Farms and Cash Bonus to each adult settler.

For Tickets, Free Illustrated Guide Books and Maps, apply to CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, 67 and 68, King William Street, London; 7, James Street, Liverpool; 103, Market Street, Manchester; 23, Gordon Street Glasgow.

M O N T E C A R L O .

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand, the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

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IS A WORLD-WIDE NECESSARY.

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(Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Medival styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving. ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELUM.

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STATIONERY.—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest; or with Monogram or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet-rings, iscarat, from 42s. Card-plate and 50 best visiting cards, 2s. 8d.; Ladies' 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.

"The most perfect fitting made."—Observer.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.

Special to Measure. 30s., 40s., 45s. the half-dozen. Illustrated Self-measure post free.

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SHIRTS.—OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist

and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; superior, 7s. 6d.; extra fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.

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SHIRTS.—The AEGIDIUS, the only shirt

that takes the place of the ever-shrinking coloured flannel, can be worn with or without an under-vest. Is soft as silk. Self-measure and Patterns free from the Sole Makers, R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

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OR PREPARED WHITE FULLER'S EARTH, is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under its Latin name of "Terra Cimolia" is constantly prescribed by the most eminent living Dermatologists, and was especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and the late Dr. Wilbury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable. It is the Best Dusting-Powder for Infants. Formerly used in the Nurseries of her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now extensively employed in the Nurseries of her Imperial Majesty, the Empress of Russia, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses. H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland; the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia, the Duchess of Sparta, and most of the Aristocracy. Recommended by the Faculty. The eminent physician Dr. Routh says: "I feel I cannot too highly recommend it." I cannot afford to be without it.—Dr. Bainbridge. A lady writes: "Here, in India, for 'Prickly Heat,' I found it worth a guinea a teaspoonful." Post free. Send 1d or 3d penny stamps.

Ask for "Taylor's Cimolite." See that the Trade Mark, Name, and Address are on every Parcel, and do not be persuaded to take imitations.

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A good piano is as necessary for the beginner as for the accomplished performer, and an inferior instrument vitiates the ear, impairs the sensibilities, and undermines the power of attainment to the higher grades of perfection in music. The Brinsmead Pianoforte can always be relied upon for the sweetness and purity of its sympathetic tone, the exquisite delicacy of its touch, and the grand organ-like power and brilliancy of its sound.

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GOOD, SOUND SECOND-HAND PIANOS,

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ORGANS. Fifty per cent. discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c. Approval, carriage free.

Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas. Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas. Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas.

American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 4 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if no approval of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post free.—D'ALMAINE and CO. (Established 166 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, London.

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Admission to the Exhibition Grounds, Gardens, and Campt, including one of 2500 Free Seats at Buffalo Bill's Wild West, ONE SHILLING; or by Season Ticket (10s. 6d.). EXHIBITION OPEN EVERY DAY from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

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VENICE	SUPERB AQUATIC PAGEANT.	OLYMPIA
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Really good Foreign Cigars at 16s., 20s., 22s. per 100 (and upwards). Samples 5 for 1s. (14 stamps).

1886	24%
1887	109%
1888	33%
1889	84%
1890	53%
1891	111%
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WHAT DO THESE FIGURES MEAN?

They represent the increase each year, over the previous year, in the exports of "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY.

WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS INCREASE?

The Absolute Purity, Thorough Maturity, and Exquisite Flavour and Bouquet, which render

HOW ARE THE PUBLIC TO JUDGE OF THE CORRECTNESS OF THESE CLAIMS?

By sending for our Descriptive Circular, which explains how the whisky is aged and bottled in bond under the supervision of the Canadian Government, and so certified by an official stamp over the capsule of each bottle.

PHYSICIANS WILL BE GLADLY FURNISHED WITH SAMPLES.

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Distillery—WALKERVILLE, CANADA. Branches—NEW YORK and CHICAGO.

of £100 to Annie Alexander. There are specific bequests of plate and family portraits; and the remainder of his plate, pictures, and articles of vertu is to be divided between his children. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Catherine Mary Bury and Mrs. Florence Susan Grace Edwards.

The will of Mr. Edward Oliffe Waller, late of 50, Pembridge Villas, Westbourne Grove, who died on May 1, was proved on June 27 by Mrs. Bertha Mary Waller, the widow, Edward Dalton, and William Hitchens, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,453.

The will of Mr. William Ellis Wall, J.P., late of Wheatfields, Powick, Worcestershire, and of Brazier's End, Cholesbury, Bucks, who died on June 4, was proved on July 13 by Mrs. Marion Wall, the widow, and George John Braikenridge, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5493.

Earthquake shocks were felt on Tuesday, July 26, at Mevagissey, in West Cornwall; the floors and walls of houses vibrated, and furniture was displaced, but there was no serious damage.

The Rev. Joseph Sidney Hill is Bishop-designate of the Niger in succession to the late Bishop Crowther. Mr. Hill was trained at the Church Missionary College, Islington, and has been a missionary at Lagos, on the West Coast of Africa.

The honour of Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath has been conferred on the Earl of Lathom; also on Sir Philip Currie, of the Foreign Office, and Sir Robert Herbert, late of the Colonial Office, both Under-Secretaries; and Lord Cross is made a Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India.

A sarcophagus for the remains of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Clarence, in the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor, has been designed by Mr. A. Gilbert, the sculptor, with the approval of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales; its material will be marble sent by the Empress of Austria as a gift to our royal family.

Among the papers to be read to the Geographical Section of the British Association at Edinburgh is one by Mr. Walter B. Harris on his recent journey in Yemen. This promises to be very interesting; for, after many adventures, he was thrown into prison at Sanaa, the capital, by the Turkish Governor-General, being regarded as a spy. Mr. Harris

travelled over four hundred miles through country almost unknown, part of the distance on camel-back. He started with only two followers from Aden, and finally emerged, as a prisoner, from Hodeidah.

The Common Council of the City of London Corporation, on Thursday, July 28, accepted Sir W. T. Charley's resignation of the judicial office of Common Serjeant, and granted him a retiring pension of £1500 a year for life, £2250 for the first year.

On the retirement of Mr. A. L. Foster from the office of Superintendent of the City Police, in which he has served with high credit since 1864, after being in the prison service from 1847, a testimonial, with a purse of £550, from public subscription, has been presented to him. The Lord Mayor performed this act on July 29 at a Mansion House meeting.

At Warwick Assizes, on Thursday, July 28, William Ernest Greator, thirty-seven years of age, living in London, the son of Mr. J. F. Greator, of Leamington, a retired harness-manufacturer of Walsall, was tried for the murder of his father, whom he waylaid and shot dead, at Leamington, on May 13, in consequence of a quarrel about the amount of his pecuniary allowance. He was found to be insane, and will be consigned for life, probably, to the Criminal Lunatic Asylum.

The annual statement of work and business done by the London County Council, delivered by Mr. John Hutton, the present Chairman, at last week's meeting, presents large financial figures, as might be expected. The contract for the Blackwall tunnel is £871,000, besides the estimated cost of land for a second tunnel if required, and that of new dwellings for people dislodged. The corporate property committee has control of ground-rents and surplus lands to the supposed value of £2,256,000, and is not disposed to sell its ground-rents. The Council has resolved on constructing the south side approach to the Tower Bridge, if Parliament will enact an equitable division of the cost between owners of ground-values and occupiers; the same with the projected new street from Holborn to the Strand.

At the Central Criminal Court, on Wednesday, July 27, a German named Wenzel, who was employed in a provision store in Charing Cross Road and lodged in Sandringham Buildings, was found guilty of the murder of Sergeant Joyce, of the Detective branch of the Metropolitan Police. Wenzel had perpetrated several robberies, stealing a cashbox with £9 from

Henry Selzer, at Dalston, with whom he had lodged before; also purloining from Mr. Frederick Ruhmann, his employer in Charing Cross Road, a gold watch and silver chain, and a revolver, for which he purchased cartridges. Selzer and Ruhmann communicated with the police. Sergeant Joyce was appointed to investigate. He traced the movements of Wenzel, and on June 20, with Ruhmann and Selzer, came to arrest him in the shop or rooms occupied by the former. Wenzel had got the revolver loaded; he fired three shots at them, killing the police officer and wounding the two other men. The judge, Baron Pollock, passed sentence of death.

The election of Professor Rudolf Virchow, the great physiologist and pathologist, who is also an eminent Liberal politician and German patriot, to the Rectorship of the University of Berlin, an honour twice refused to him because he was not in favour at the Imperial Court, is an event worthy of notice. It coincides with Prince Bismarck's recent open declaration of Liberal political sentiments. Bismarck and Virchow, in former times, fought vehemently against each other in parliamentary debate. The two stalwart Pomeranian champions once came near fighting a duel with mortal weapons. At heart, such men cannot but like each other.

The beautiful ruins of Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, were visited last week by a procession of nearly a thousand English Roman Catholics, mostly from Hull, Beverley, and other towns of the East Riding, who had met for a special religious service in the church of their communion in the neighbouring town. They passed through Studley Park, the seat of the Marquis of Ripon, chanting the Litany of the Saints and singing hymns. On arriving at the ruins, the music of Haydn's Mass was sung by a Hull choir; then the Rev. J. Cummins, of St. Anne's Priory, Liverpool, one of the Order of St. Benedict, delivered an address, relating the historical foundation of that noble monastery eight centuries ago, its good works and lives, and its overthrow in the Tudor reigns. To be sure, those stones could preach, if any could, like the ruins of Melrose, of Kirkstall, Rievaulx, Bolton, and Rylstone, also of Tintern, and twenty other places, where majestic architecture, wantonly destroyed, attests the brutal insolence that accompanied so much plundering rapacity, with the royal assent, under pretence of zeal for a Protestant Reformation. Those ruins are still the most eloquent pleaders for reverent tenderness in one's judgment of the ancient Church.

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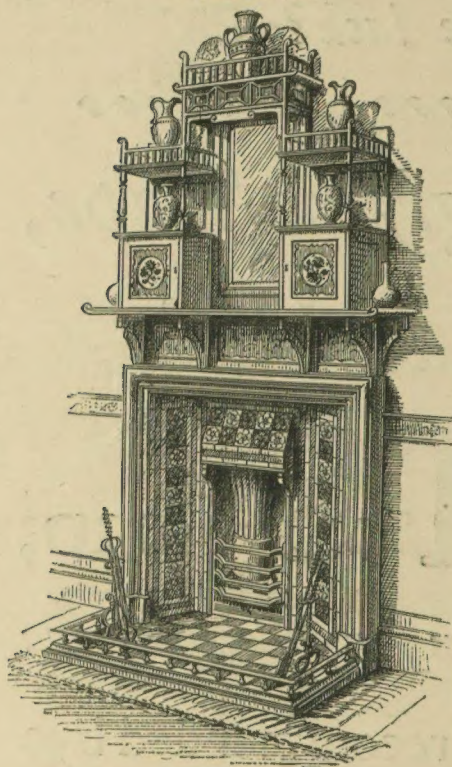
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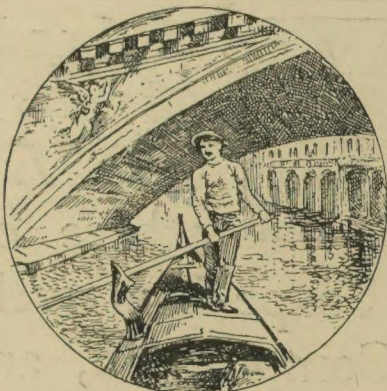
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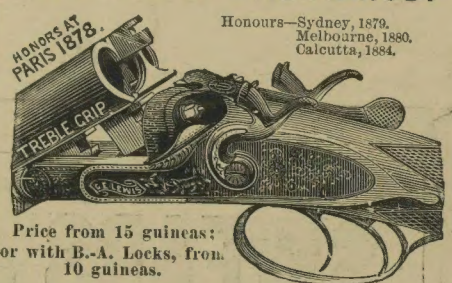
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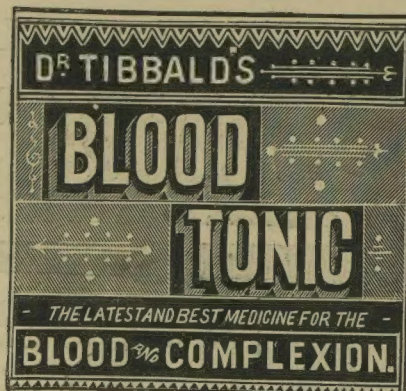


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